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The Demagogue

by D R Locke

D. R. Locke.

CHAPTER XIII—CONTINUED.

SHOWS MR. MASON'S FURTHER PROGRESS UP THE LADDER OF GLORY.

HIS first aggressive movement was to organize meetings all over the district. In the strong Democratic counties he was careful not to omit a single school district. He threw himself into the canvass with all his soul and all his powers, and what he knew would be quite as important, with all his money. As he was the first to raise the banner of absolute, square resistance to the slave power, as he was the apostle of resistance in that district, he intended to reap all the benefits of the movement.

He never did anything in a half-hearted way. He was present at every meeting, no matter at what sacrifice to himself. He killed horses, he swam rivers, and more than once he made voyages over swamps in dug-out canoes; but he never failed to be present at the appointed time, and to speak, no matter how few the auditors. He would take as much trouble for a half-dozen as for a thousand.

It had precisely the effect calculated upon. The people could not but admire the man who could so boldly overleap such difficulties. They believed that he must have the cause at heart, that could induce him to espouse it when it was so unpopular, and adhere to it so pertinaciously; and he made friends and adherents every day.

But he had more than the elements to contend with. One county, Defiance, was overwhelmingly Democratic, and therein one township, Hicks, was unanimously so. In the old times, an occasional Whig speaker had ventured thither, but he never tried it twice. The hens of Hicks were healthy, but there was a poor market for eggs, and many got addled; and the poor Whig speakers were always made the targets for many dozens of the very worst, and not unfrequently missiles harder than eggs were thrown at them.

The staunch Democracy of Hicks were astonished at seeing their school-house published as one of Mason's appointments, and none more so than Mr. William Sampsell, the leader of the Democracy, or at least the fighting man of the Democracy. But the night came, and Mason was promptly there in the school-house and ready to speak.

Now the Democracy of Hicks were a peculiar folk. There were no Republicans in the township, and the leaders of the Democracy took precious good care that there should be none. On the election days, the fighting champion, Sampsell, took his stand at the polls and every voter was required to show his ticket, that it might go in pure and unscratched, as the party had nominated it—the penalty of refusal being a tremendous and satisfactory thrashing at the hands of Mr. Sampsell. For this service Mr. Sampsell was awarded some trifling township office, generally that of constable. Sometimes a brisk young fellow would refuse to show his ticket, for the purpose of disputing the place. The reigning king knew that his power was in jeopardy, and desperate would be the struggle that would ensue. If he were beaten, the new man would rise and take the place, and compel the voters to show their tickets to him, and at the next election take the constable's place made vacant.

It was a curious scene that presented itself to Mr. Mason's eyes. On the puncheon benches ranged across the house were all the people of Hicks township. There was not present a single Republican, as it had been the boast of the Hicksites that there was not a Republican in the entire township, and as they had a habit of beating unmercifully all of that persuasion who might stray into the vicinity, the few who held those views were very careful to keep them to themselves, and, outwardly at least, to be as good Democrats as their neighbors.

There had never been as yet but one Whig candidate who had the audacity to attempt a speech in that neighborhood, and as the free citizens, headed by Bill Sampsell, had tarred and feathered him, the candidates who came after did not feel very much like attempting the political missionary business in that locality.

As the tastes and habits of the people were so well known as to have barred out all Whig speakers, the people were curious to see the man who had the temerity to invade this Democratic stronghold, and, so to speak, beard the lion in his den. Consequently the school-house was crowded.

It was a building of fair dimensions, which, as it was larger than the appropriation, had been just half finished. It had been weather-boarded, but was entirely innocent of lath or plaster.

Mr. Mason advanced to the rough platform, walking through the crowd as leisurely and with as little concern as he would have gone up the aisles of the court-room in Pulaski. He did not know one of his audience. He expected a fight, and probably an assault; but he had determined upon making the speech then, and make it he would, at no matter what hazard.

Without introduction he commenced with the usual formula:

"Fellow-citizens of Hicks township: This evening——"

He got no farther. Mr. William Sampsell was ready with his cohorts to prevent anything of any unpleasant nature to them from going any further.

"This evening, I——" repeated Mr. Mason, when there came such a sound as was never heard before in a school-house. The house being a mere shell, to strike upon the outside would have the same effect upon the ears of those inside as though they had been shut in a boiler, with men pounding vigorously on the outer surface.

An ordinary man would have arranged his subordinates all around that house, and given them clubs with which to pound on the outside, which would have created noise enough to have drowned any speech-maker with less lungs than Boanerges. But Mr. Sampsell was no ordinary man—he had genius that was not connected with ordinary expedients, or satisfied with common results. Had he placed his ten men with clubs to beat against the house there would have been but ten sound-producing instruments—had he even given each two clubs, there would have been but twenty, and the devil of mischief in him could not be satisfied with anything of the sort.

He cut down two small trees, each just large enough for five men to hold—trees with a thousand branches each, and ten thousand twigs. These trees were held closely against the sides of the house, and then the men run them round the sides and ends. Each twig was a hammer beating against the boards, and as they ran rapidly the noise inside was the most hideous that could possibly be produced by human ingenuity.

MASON PREPARES FOR A FIGHT.

Mr. Mason stopped and stood quietly till the unearthly din was over, and then resumed. Scarcely had he uttered a word before the noise commenced again. This was kept up for half an hour—or until the men were tired of holding the weight of the trees.

Mr. Sampsell's ingenuity did not end with this. He had other plans of annoyance in reserve, and he proceed to put them into execution. A flock of geese were reposing quietly by the road-side, and one of them Mr. Sampsell seized by the neck. Walking with a dignified, swaggering step into the house, he stood till Mason had commenced again. Then deliberately wringing the neck of the bird he advanced to within ten steps of the platform, and threw it with all his force into the face of the speaker.

Mason had taken an inventory of the backwoods ruffian, and knew precisely the man he had to deal with. Sampsell was big and burly, but Mason was no contemptible man physically. His course was determined upon in an instant. If he got anything in Hicks, it would be necessary that he should half kill the brute before him; for it would never do, in a community where physical prowess was counted superior to other gifts, to tamely submit to such an indignity.

Sampsell stood before him with a grin of satisfaction on his inflamed countenance.

"Citizens of Hicks!" shouted Mason, "I am here all alone and without a friend. Will you promise me fair play for just five minutes?"

"What do you want to do?" shouted a dozen.

"I want to whip this man, which will occupy only five minutes of your time."

Sampsell was delighted, for he dearly loved a "skrimmage," to use the vernacular, and he revelled in the anticipation of a neat and easy victory.

"Yoo shel hev fair play," he laughed hoarsely, "no one but me shel tech ye. Clar away them benches, and let us hev it out here."

In a moment the benches were cleared away, making an open space of perhaps twelve feet square, into which Sampsell sprang with a whoop of delight.

Mason made no demonstrations, but proceeded quietly to divest himself of coat, vest and cravat, and then tied his suspenders about his waist, that nothing should confine his movements.

"Are ye ready?" demanded Sampsell.

"Quite so," said Mason, coolly.

Mr. Sampsell's answer was a spring upon his antagonist which was intended to bear him to the floor at once, and end the conflict. He had miscalculated his man. Mason dodged him by a quick movement, and with the full force of a strong man, reinforced by plenty of practice when he was a boy, dealt him a blow full in the face, which would have felled an ox, or any other created being except Bill Sampsell—and it surprised and staggered even him.

Again the giant attempted to clutch him, but Mason was too active for that. Dexterously avoiding the loving embrace offered him, he dealt Sampsell a succession of blows, as near the eyes as possible, every one of which made its impression.

If the truth must be told, the bystanders were delighted with the turn matters had taken, for Sampsell had always been a bully, and was feared by the entire township. His naturally quarrelsome temperament, backed by his enormous strength, made him an uncomfortable neighbor; the people were not unwilling to see his comb cut, and they were in a fair way of being gratified. Mason avoided a close encounter, but showered a perfect torrent of blows upon Sampsell's face, every one directed at the eyes. Mr. Sampsell did not understand that system of fighting, and in four minutes he was as easy a bargain as Mr. Mason could have desired. It is true Mason did not escape punishment. Sampsell hit him several well-directed and ugly blows, which marked him him severely, but Mason had "the best of it," as the bystanders delightedly said. Sampsell was half-blinded, and was groping about like a blind Samson, when Mason saw that his opportunity for a finish had come. Giving him two terrible blows, he sprang upon him with the agility of a tiger-cat, and bore him easily to the floor. Then—let it be remembered it was in the back-woods, where a man was never considered whipped till he was half killed—he sprang upon him with his boots, and danced upon him till the subdued giant had just strength enough to mutter, "Enough!"

There was a delightful confusion in the school-house, and Mason was its hero. Several of the ten co-workers with Mr. Sampsell carried him away to his house, where a physician examined his injuries and cared for him, and the men who remained wied with each other in their efforts to make Mason comfortable. Water was brought and towels, and the marks of the conflict were carefully removed from him. Then he resumed his coat, vest and cravat, ascended the rostrum, as coolly as though nothing unusual had happened, and resumed his speech exactly where he left off:

"Fellow-citizens of Hicks township:"

"Well, he's a good one," said one. "Didn't he do it for Bill Sampsell, though?"

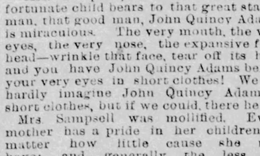
"Yes, and never turned a hair," was the reply.

The speaker was very attentively listened to, the occasional wiping of blood from his cut face adding materially to the effect; and when he was through a dozen offers of entertainment for the night were made, one of which he accepted. His delightful manner, and his convincing talk, made him one substantial convert that evening, and the next morning he went his way, very well satisfied with his night's work at Hicks. If he had made no other votes but the one, the fame of the feat and the peculiar nature of the conflict would do him good where he had friends; and he was right in his conjectures. The story traveled much faster than he did, and it increased in dimensions as it traveled. When he got over into Jefferson county, he found that all of Hicks township had assaulted him, that he tore up a bench and defended himself so vigorously that he killed two of his assailants and maimed five, who would be crippled for life, to say nothing of the other wounds he had inflicted.

When asked as to the truth of these reports, the astute Mason would modestly answer, "Not exactly. But I did have an ugly little skrimmage," which answer convinced everybody that it was true, and that the truth had not been all told; whereupon the questioner would go away and tell it over, adding two to the killed and five to the wounded.

And when the story came to the ears of the governor of the state, he immediately forwarded to Mason a commission as brigadier general of the militia of the state, as he joocosely added, "For brilliant service in the field," after which Mason was dubbed "General," which he did not discourage; for whenever it was asked how he became a general, this story would be told, and it could not be told too many times to suit him.

A few days after the meeting at Hicks, Mr. Mason pondered long and earnestly,



MEETING MRS. SAMPSELL.

and he retraced his steps to Hicks. He went to see Mr. Sampsell. He did not herald his going, nor did he let any one know of it. He had something of the moie in his composition.

"In the battles that are to come," thought Mr. Mason, "the Defiance delegation may turn the scale. Bill Sampsell could always control the delegation, were he a Republican, for there never will be two hundred Republicans there. Decidedly I must see Mr. Sampsell."

Accordingly he turned his horse's head toward Mr. Sampsell's house. His knock was responded to by a gruff "come in," which invitation proceeded from the lips of a coarse virago, who had the felicity of bearing Mr. Sampsell's name, and of supporting Mr. Sampsell and his children.

The lady recognized Mason at once as the man who had beaten her husband, and she planted herself in front of him, her arms akimbo, and an expression on her countenance that boded him no good.

"You are the rooster that licked Bill the other night!" she said, in a threatening tone

"Madam," said Mason, eyeing her closely, so as to be ready to advance or retreat, as the case might be, "I had a difference of opinion with Mr. Sampsell, which resulted in an unfortunate encounter, but——"

"Waal, yoo licked him! I know it—I saw it. And besides, Bill is layin' in the back bed room now, with your marks onto him, and so c-o-m-p-l-e-t-e-l-y whaled that I shel hev to chop the wood for a month. Yoo did for him, yoo did! Do yoo think yoo cood sarve me out the same way?"

The virago advanced a fist which was almost as large and horny as Bill's, and quite as dirty, in close proximity to Mr. Ma on's nose.

"Madam! Mrs. Sampsell!" ejaculated Mason, looking her steadily in the eye, and putting her clenched hand away, "I am not a quarrelsome man, and dear Sampsell and I are still-well. I did not want to thrash him, and did what I did reluctantly; but what could I do? I was bound to make my speech, and certainly you would have thought small potatoes of me if I had run with my tail between my legs, like a whipped cur, the first time a man came near me! You have more respect for a good man than that." (Mr. Mason knew to whom he was talking.) "I am here to do him good, and want no quarrel with him or—gracious heavens, Mrs. Sampsell, what a resemblance!"

And Mr. Mason seized a dirty boy of perhaps 4, who was on the floor maltreating a dirtier cat, and lifting him up, gazed with an expression of intense interest into his face.

"What resemblance to wat?" demanded Mrs. Sampsell, not so defiantly.

"Mrs. Sampsell, the resemblance this fortunate child bears to that great statesman, that good man, John Quincy Adams, is miraculous. The very mouth, the very eyes, the very nose, the expansive forehead—wrinkles and all—the iron gray hair, and you have John Quincy Adams before your very eyes in short clothes! We can hardly imagine John Quincy Adams in short clothes, but if we could, there he is!"

Mrs. Sampsell was mollified. Every mother has a pride in her children, no matter how little cause she may have; and generally the less the cause, the more the pride, on the principle that nature takes care of those unable to care for themselves. And he followed up his subduing process, by asking the privilege of breakfasting with her.

As this man, with a clean shirt and freshly shaven, asked this boon, Mrs. Sampsell stared at him as though she could not comprehend his meaning. But she finally found her tongue:

"I ain't gettin' breakfast but for them as I know some good of."

"I hope you will find some good in me, then," returned Mason, with a pleasant laugh, "for I started without eating, and I thought you would give me a breakfast—as an accommodation."

In Defiance county the word "accommodation" meant a quarter of a dollar given in payment, and an apologetic acceptance of the trifle. Mr. Mason continued:

"Mrs. Sweetser said I was certain of getting good cooking from you, and I'd rather pay you than to get such as I would get at the tavern, being a little more particular about my eating than a man really ought to be. And then, Mrs. Sampsell, I wanted a word or two with your husband, for after the other night's affair I really want to do him a good turn. I have a respect for a man who came so near getting away with me. But never mind! If it's not convenient, I'll go the Eagle hotel."

Mrs. Sampsell could not resist all these flatteries, and, entirely subdued, she set about preparing the breakfast, which, to do her justice, was not the most unwholesome in the world.

While Mr. Mason made himself tolerably familiar with the people of this class, he did not commit the mistake of common demagogues of attempting to control those below him by lowering himself to their level. Had he dropped himself to Mrs. Sampsell's level, she, being already antagonistic to him, would have despised him for being more than herself. Had he shown himself in no better light than that in which she appeared, she would have asked why his wife wore silk and she only calico. But he was acute enough to show why one was as she was, and the other likewise. He compelled that class not only to look up to him, but to fear him. He told her, though, how she could make her home better without any additional labor or cost.

"What you ought to do, my dear Mrs. Sampsell, is to take this excellently cured ham—it is your own curing, of course—and freshen it a little more, cut the slices a little thinner, and broil it on the coals instead of frying it. It gives it a better taste, and makes it altogether more palatable. Of course you know all about it, but I suppose the cares of your family give you all you can attend to without going into these details. But yet they are important, for there can be no real progress without attending to these little matters. And then you ought to have an addition to your house, and more furniture. It is a shame that a woman like you, with such children as you have, should not have better and more pleasant surroundings."

He swallowed a cup of Mrs. Sampsell's tea, which was honest and hot, and continued after this strain:

"Mrs. Sampsell, in the matter of ten, I am like that Indian who was to have any three wishes he might take. It's an old story—I presume you have heard it. The first wish was all the rum he could drink, the second was all the tobacco he could smoke, and then, after fifteen minutes' thought, for the third wish—more rum and tobacco. I'll take some more tea, if you please. I can't always get tea that is made to my satisfaction. It's more in the making, I tell people, than in the quality."

"Better surroundings! briled ham! addishen to the house!" replied Mrs. Sampsell, bitterly. "With Bill a loafin' about the grocery the heft uv his time, and me with eight children to take keer uv—much chance there is for ever heviu' anything uv the sort!"

She drew a long sigh, as one who sees a pleasant prospect in the clouds far above her reach. "Much chance ther is uv my ever hevin' anything uv that sort! I've got now everything I ever shel hev, and I'm mighty lucky ef I kin keep wat I hev got."

"Mrs. Sampsell," replied Mason, between two bites of ham and a sip of tea, "if your husband is a reasonable man, I will put him and you in a way whereby you can have all these things, and a great deal more. I can and will put you in a position where you can have not only such a home and table as your natural good taste craves, but such clothing for youself and for your children as you and they ought to have. Your children, Mrs. Sampsell, ought to have every advantage that can be given them. Excuse me for mentioning the little things. Can I see Mr. Sampsell a moment?"

She had determined that he should not see William at all, for she hated him; but what could she refuse a man who had discovered that her sixth child was a picture, in miniature, of John Quincy Adams, and who not only ate her breakfast, but had the nerve to recommend improvements in the management of her household?

So, relinquishing her antagonism, she, without a word, conducted Mr. Mason to the room in which the bruised and battered Mr. Sampsell was lying, and judiciously retired. She had an idea that Mason did not want to see him for nothing, and so bad was his condition that nothing could make it worse.

Sampsell growled like a bear and made a hostile demonstration, which, in his impotence, was absurd.

"Be quiet, Sampsell, or you'll hurt yourself," said Mason, quietly. "Pshaw, man, why do you double your fists at me? I was too much for you when you were on your feet—I should have no trouble whatever in doing it now that you are half dead."

"Yoo kim over to crow over me, did ye?" growled the disabled bully.

"Not at all. I came to see if I could not do something for you."

"You want me to doo suthin for yoo, I s'pose."

"Certainly. In this world very few men do something for nothing—I do not, at all events. I want something of you, and I am willing to give something for it. What I want you can do, and what you want I can do. Shall I go on?"

"I can't help hearin' ye."

"True. My dear Sampsell, I want you to support me for Congress!"

"Wat!" roared Sampsell, raising himself in bed in spite of his weakness. "Me vote for a ablishmist! Me! well, that's cool!"

"Cool or not, that's what I want, and that's what I'm going to get. I am as certain of being elected to Congress next October as the sun is to rise in the morning; and Lincoln is just as sure of being elected to the Presidency. You know Lincoln will be elected. Well, suppose Pitts beats me, what can he do for you, with Lincoln President? Lincoln will have the appointments, and in this place, where there are no Republicans, he will be compelled to appoint Democrats. In that event Peters will likely get the postoffice." (Peters was one particular man whom Sampsell hated.) "Lincoln will be elected, and suppose I am elected to Congress. What happens? I make the postmasters in Defiance county. I have the appointing power practically in my own hands. Do you see, Mr. Sampsell? Would I forget my friend? Would I forget the noble few who came out first on the side of right, and pioneered this holy cause in Defiance? And then think how few Republicans there can be in this section! Not as many as there are offices; an I there are as many offices as there are in the next county, where the Republicans are in the majority! Think of this, William, think of it!"

"Why, Squire, seen a man ez I am coodent hold one uv these offices, ef it was offered me!"

"HEAVENS, WHAT A RESEMBLANCE!"

"William, don't depreciate yourself. Rise up, William, and shave yourself, and put on a clean shirt. The ability to hold an office lies largely in a clean-shaven face and a clean shirt. You might drink a little less whisky, but the clean shirt is the principal point. William, I want thirty votes in Hicks township this fall, and I promise you that I get them, and you support me, that I will not be ungrateful."

"But what excuse can I give for changin'?"

"Tell them frankly that a man who can whip you, in a fair, stand-up fight, ought to go to Congress. Don't say a word to me about it. If you support me, I shall know it. If you decide not to, and use this interview against me, I shall deny it all, and shall point to you, to show how absurd it would be to offer such a man as you a position. But deal squarely with me and I will help you, and make a man of you. Good morning, Sampsell."

As he passed out he bid Mrs. Sampsell good morning, and patted the dirty child on the head, saying: "Good morning, John Quincy," and leaving a half-dime with it, he departed.

Mrs. Sampsell had glued her eye to a crack in the door during the conference, and had heard every word that had been said.

"Ef Bill Sampsell don't vote and work for Cale Mason," she said to herself, "I won't leave whole bones enough in his body to vote and work for anybody. He hez politicked all his life for nothin', and now that there's a chance for him to do suthin' for hisself, he's got to do it, or I'll mani the life out uv him."

Mrs. Sampsell was a woman of considerable energy and wonderful strength. But she was aware of the strength of her liege lord, and of his obstinacy as well. All their wedded life it had been only necessary for her to mention a desire for a thing, for him to oppose it. They had never agreed but once, and that was when they were married. As she was quite determined he should become Mason's henchman, she made up her mind to take him at a disadvantage—when like Samson, his hair had been shorn, and he could be made amenable to the only reason he respected—force. But she determined to try strategy first.

"Bill, are you a goin' to fine hands with that infernal ablishmist, Cale Mason?"

"Go 'way, Marier, and let me alone. Wat biznis is it of yoors wat I do? Tend to yer own cend uv the house, and I'll tend to mine. Your biznis is to 'tend to the babies—I'll 'tend to the kentry."

"It 'peers to me, Bill, that I've been a-takin' keer uv putty much all the cunnin uv the house for twenty years. But I know wat I know. Wat are you goin' to do?"

"Jist wat I please. Go 'way!"

Here Mrs. Sampsell's strategy failed her. She was determined that he should support Mason.

"Look here, Bill. I kin see suthin' in Mason, and I'm goin' to hev you take hoit with him, and go through with it."

"Yoo air, air yoo? Marier, I'll give you jist ten seconds to git out uv that door—ef yoo don't——"

He attempted to rise, but it was of no avail. His battered body refused to obey his will, and he sunk back with a groan.

"You see, Wiyum, that I hev you. Now, I hev lived a dog's life a-liut. I hev never had a dress that I didn't earn myself. Wat cloze the children hev had I hev bought and paid for; and all the whisky yoo ever paid for you did it with the money that I scrunched and saved, and you stole. It would be cheaper for me to keep you here in bed than it would to let you get out, spendin' wat I scratch together, and here you stay—unless you give me your promise to go in with Mason, and git suthin' uv wat he will hev to throw around, when the time comes. You promise me this, or, while you are yet sore from the thrashin' he gave you, I'll thrash you agin, and I'll keep doin' it ez long ez there's a breath in your battered, wuthiis body! Yoo hear me!"

Sampsell threw a look of venomous ugliness at her, but what could he do? He was in her power completely, and he knew she would keep her word. She was no unworthy antagonist when he was on his feet, but lying there helpless she could do what she would with him. He had not made up his mind to take the plunge Mason had asked of him, for to do it he would have to turn upon all his associates, and oppose every friend he had in the world; but the temptation, it must be confessed, was very great.

This temptation, backed by Mrs. Sampsell's will, which was in turn backed by her brawny fist, had its effect. With more meekness than he had ever shown toward her, he said:

"Wall, Marier, I promise. I am converted, and am now a Republikin. I hev experienced a change uv heart. And that bein' the case, go and get me some dinner, and be d—d quick about it, for I'm as hungry ez a moral circus bar."

Mrs. Sampsell got his dinner with more alacrity than she had ever shown before.

Truly Mr. Mason was fortunate in his electioneering schemes. He had made one convert very easily, and that convert was good for many more. Mr. William Sampsell became a terrible partisan of Caleb Mason, for several reasons. First, he had a solid respect for the man who had so chivalrously conquered him, in the only thing that made him superior to his fellows, namely, brute strength. Secondly, he saw some advantages personal to himself in the matter; and when self-interest is joined to patriotism there is no resisting it. He had absolute faith in Mason and his motives, for the man who could whip him in a fair rough-and-tumble could not be a bad man to follow. Thirdly, Mrs. Sampsell had extorted a promise from him, and that promise he would keep, especially as it was his interest to do so.

He had some difficulty with his old associates about this sudden change, but he had a convincing way with him. A half-dozen men argued with him, but as they were all carried home with broken ribs, the others declined to converse with him on the subject.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Our Biblical Story.

JOSHUA;

A Story of Egyptian-Israelitish Life.

BY PROF. GEORG EBERS,

AUTHOR OF "UARDA," "AN EGYPTIAN PRINCESS," ETC.—NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

Written for the Blade. Copyright, 1889.

CHAPTER I.

GO down, grandfather. I will keep watch."

But the old man to whom the words were spoken shook his shaven head.

"But up here you will get no rest."

"And the stars? Or even below; rest, in such times as these? Throw my cloak over me. Rest, in such a fearful night!"

"You are to cold; and your hand and the instrument shake."

"Then steady my arm."

The lad willingly obeyed the request; but after a short space he exclaimed: "It is all in vain. Star after star is swallowed up in black clouds. Ah, and the bitter cry of the city comes up. Nay, it comes from our own house. I am sick at heart, grandfather; only feel how hot my head is. Come down, perchance they need help."

"That is in the hands of the gods, and my place is here. But there, there, eternal gods! Look to the north across the lake! No, more to the westward. They come from the city of the dead!"

"Oh, grandfather, father, there!" cried the youth, a priestly neophyte, who was lending his aid to an elder whose grandson he was, the chief astrologer of Amon-Ra.

They were standing on the watch tower of the temple of the god at Tanis, the capital of the Pharaohs, in the north of the land of Goshen. As he spoke he drew away his shoulder, on which the old man was leaning. "There, there! Is the sea swallowing up the land? Have the clouds fallen on the earth to surge to and fro? Oh, grandfather, may the immortals have mercy! the nether world is yawning! The great serpent Apep is come forth from the city of the dead! It comes rolling past the temple. I see it, I hear it! The great Hebrew's threat is being fulfilled! Our race will be cut off from the earth. The serpent! Its head is set toward the southeast. It will surely swallow up the young sun when it rises in the morning!"

The old man's eye followed the direction of the youth's finger, and he, too, could discern that a vast, black mass, whose outline was lost in the darkness, came rolling through the gloom, and he, too, heard with a shudder the creature's low roar.

Both stood with eye and ear alert, staring into the night; but the star-gazer's eye was fixed not upward, but down, across the city to the distant sea and level plain. Overhead all was silent, and yet not all at rest, for the wind swept the dark clouds into shapeless masses in one place, while in another it rent the gray shroud and scattered them far and wide.

The moon was not visible to mortal ken, but the clouds played hide and seek with the bright Southern stars, now covering them, and now giving their rays free passage. And as in the firmament, so on earth there was a constant change from pallid light to blackest darkness. Now the glitter of the heavenly bodies flashed brightly down on the sea and estuary, on the polished granite sides of the obelisks in the temple precincts and the gilt copper roof of the King's airy palace; and again, lake and river, the sails in the harbor, the sanctuaries and streets of the city, and the palm-strewn plain surrounding it, were all lost in gloom.

Objects which the eye tried to rest on vanished in an instant, and it was same with the sounds that the ear. For a while the silence would be as deep as though all life, far and near, were hushed or dead, and then a piercing shriek of woe rent the stillness of the night. And then, broken by longer or shorter pauses, that roar was heard which the youthful priest had taken for the voice of the serpent of the nether world; and to that the grandfather and grandson listened with growing excitement.

The dusky shape, whose ceaseless movements could be clearly made out whenever the stars shot their beams between the striving clouds, had its beginning out by the city of the dead and the strangers' quarter. A sudden panic had fallen on the old man as on the young one, but he was quicker to recover himself, and his keen and practised eye soon discerned that it was not a single gigantic form which was rising from the necropolis to cross the plain, but a multitude of moving creatures who seemed to be surging or swaying to and fro on the meadow land. Nor did the hollow hum and wailing come up from one particular spot, but was audible now nearer and now more remote. Anon he fancied that it was rising from the bosom of the earth, and then again that it fell from some airy height.

Fresh terror came upon the old astrologer. He seized his grandson's hand in his right, and pointing with his left to the city of the dead, he cried in a treabling voice: "The dead are too many in number. The nether world overflows, as the river does when its bed is too narrow for the waters of the south. How they swarm and sway and surge on! How they part, hither and thither! These are the ghosts of the thousands whom black death hath snatched away, blasted by the Hebrew's curse, and sent unburied, unprotected from corruption, to descend the rungs of the ladder which leads to the world without end."

"Yea, it is they!" cried the other, in full belief. He snatched his hand from the old man's grasp and struck his fevered and burning brow, exclaiming, though hardly able to speak for terror: "They—the damned! The wind has blown them to sea, and its waters spew them out and cast them on the land again, and the blessed earth rejects them and drives them into the air. The pure ether of Shoo flings them back to the ground, and now—look, listen! They are groaning as they seek the way to the desert."

"To the fire!" cried the elder. "Flame, purify them; water, cleanse them!"

The youth joined in the old priest's form of exorcism, and while they chanted it in unison the trap door was lifted which led to this observatory on the top of the highest gate of the temple, and a priest of humble grade cried to the old man:

"Cease thy labors. Who cares now for the stars of heaven when all that has life is being darkened on earth?"

The old priest listened speechless, till the messenger went on to say that it was the astrologer's wife who had sent for him, and then he gasped out:

"Hora? Is my son then likewise stricken?"

The priest then bent his head, and both his hearers wept bitterly, for the old man was bereft of his first-born son, and the lad of a tender father.

But when the boy, trembling with fever, fell sick and sorrowing on his grandfather's breast, the elder hardily freed himself from his embrace and went to the trap door; for although the priest had announced himself as the messenger of death, it needs more than the bare word of another to persuade a father to give up all hope of life for his child. The old man went quickly down the stone stairs, through the lofty halls and wide courts of the temple, and the lad followed him, although his shaking knees could scarcely carry his feeble frame. The blow which had fallen within his own little circle had made the old man forget the fearful portent which threatened the whole world perhaps with ruin; but the boy could not get rid of the vision, so when he had passed the first court and was in sight of the outermost pylons, to his terrified and anxious soul it seemed as though the shadows of the obelisks were spinning round, while the two stone statues of King Rameses on the corner piers of the great gate beat time with the crook in his hand.

At this the lad dropped fever-stricken on the ground. A convulsion distorted his features and tossed his slender frame to and fro in frantic spasms; and the old man, falling on his knees, while he guarded the curly head from striking the hard stone flags, moaned in a low voice: "Now it has fallen on him!"

Suddenly he collected himself and shouted aloud for help, but in vain, and again in vain. At last his voice fell; he sought consolation in prayer. Then he heard a sound of voices from the avenue of sphinxes leading to the great gate, and new hope revived in his heart.

Who could it be who was arriving at so late an hour?

Mingled with cries of grief, the chanting of priests fell on his ear, the tinkle and clatter of the metallic sistrum shaken by holy women in honor of the god, and the measured footfall of men praying as they marched on.

A solemn procession was approaching. The astrologer raised his eyes, and after glancing at the double line of granite columns, colossal statues and obelisks in the great court, looked up, in obedience to the habits of a lifetime, at the starry heavens above, and in the midst of his woe a bitter smile parted his sunken lips, for the gods this night lacked the honors that were their due.

For on this night—the first after the new moon in the month of Pharmutec—the sanctuary in former years was wont to be gay with garlands of flowers. At the dawn of day after this moonless night, the night festival of the spring equinox should begin, and with it the harvest thanksgiving.

At this time a grand procession marched through the city to the river and harbor, as prescribed by the Book of the Divine Birth of the Sun, in honor of the great goddess Neith, of Remnout, who bestows the gifts of the field, and of Horus, at whose bidding the desert blooms; but today the silence of death reigned in the sanctuary, whose courtyards should have been crowded at this hour with men, women and children, bringing offerings to lay on the very spot where his grandson lay under the hand of death.

A broad beam of light suddenly fell into the vast court, which till now had been but dimly lighted by a few lamps. Could they be so mad as to think that the glad festival might be held in spite of the nameless horrors of the past night?

Only the evening before the priests in council had determined that during this pitiless pestilence the temples were to be left unadorned and processions to be prohibited. By noon yesterday many had failed to attend, because the plague had fallen on their households, and the terror had now come into the very sanctuary, while he, who could read the stars, had been watching them in their courses. Why else should it have been deserted by the watchmen and other astrologers, who had been with him at sunset, and whose duty it was to keep vigil here all night?

He turned once more to the suffering boy with tender anxiety, but instantly started to his feet, for the gates were opened wide and the light of torches and lanterns poured into the temple court. A glance at the sky showed him that it was not long past midnight, and yet his fears were surely well grounded—these must be the priests crowding into the temple to prepare for the harvest festival.

Not so.

For when had they come to the sanctuary for this purpose chanting and in procession? Nor were these all servants of the divinity. The populace had joined them. in that solemn litany he could hear the shrill wailing of women mingled with wild cries of despair such as he had never before, in the course of a long life, heard within these consecrated walls.

Could his senses deceive him? Was it the groaning horde of unresting souls which he had seen from the observatory who were crowding into the sanctuary of the god?

Fresh horror fell upon him; he threw up his arms in prohibition and for a few moments repeated the formula against the malice of evil spirits; but he presently dropped his hands, for he marked among the throng some friends who yesterday, at any rate, had been in the land of the living. Foremost, the tall figure of the second prophet of the god, then the women devoted to the service of Amon-Ra, the singers and the holy fathers, and when at last, the high priest Amonemhat, the prophetoi, he saw his son-in-law, whose home had, until yesterday, been spared by the plague, he took heart and spoke to him. But his voice was drowned by the song and cries of the coming multitude.

The courtyard was now fully lighted; but every one was so absorbed in his own sorrow that no one heeded the old astrologer. He snatched the cloak off his own shivering body to make a better pillow for the boy's tossing head, and while he did so, with fatherly care, he could hear among the chanting and wailing of the approaching crowd, first, frantic curses on the Hebrews, through whom these woes had fallen on Pharaoh and his people, and then, again and again, the name of the heir to the crown, Prince Rameses, and the tone to in which it was spoken, and the formulas of imparting which were added, announced to all that had ears to hear that the eyes of the first-born of the king on his throne were also sealed in death.

As he gazed with growing anguish in his grandson's pale face the lamentations for the prince rang out afresh and louder than ever, and a faint sense of satisfaction crept into his soul at the impartiality of death, who spared not the sovereign on his throne any more than the beggar by the wayside.

He knew now what had brought this noisy throng to the sanctuary.

He went forward with such haste as his old limbs would allow to meet the column of mourners, but before he could join them he saw the gatekeeper and his wife come out of the gatehouse, bearing between them on a mat, the corpse of a boy. The husband held one end, its frail, tiny wife held the other, and the stalwart man had to stoop low to keep their stiff burden in a horizontal position that it might not slip down toward the woman. Three children closed the melancholy party, and a little girl holding a lantern led the way.

No one, perhaps, would have observed them but that the gate keeper's wife shrieked forth her griefs so loudly and shrilly that it was impossible not to hear her cries. The second prophet of Amon turned to his companions; the procession came to a standstill, and, as some of the priests went nearer to the body, the father cried in a loud voice: "Away, away, from the plague-stricken! Our first born is dead!"

The mother, meanwhile, had snatched the lantern from her little daughter, and holding it so as to throw a light on the face of the dead boy, she shrieked out:

"The god hath suffered it to come to pass. Yea, even under our own roof. But it is not his will, but the curse of the stranger in the land that has come over us and our lives. Behold, this was our first born; and two temple servants have likewise been taken. One is dead already; he is lying in our little room yonder; and there—see, there lies young Ramus, the grandson of Rameri, the star-reader. We heard the old man calling, and saw what was happening, but who can hold another man's house up when his own is falling about his ears? Beware while it is yet time, for the gods have opened even the temple gates to the abomination, and if the whole world should perish I should not be surprised and never complain—certainly not. My lords and priests, I am but a poor and humble woman, but am I not in the right when I ask: Are our gods asleep, that a magic spell has bound them? Or what are they doing, and where are they, that they leave us and our children in the power of the vile Hebrew race?"

"Down with them! Down with the strangers! They are magicians; into the sea with Mesu,* the sorcerer!"

As an echo follows a cry, so did these imprecations follow the woman's curse, and Hornecht, the old astrologer's son-in-law, captain of the archers, whose blood boiled over at the sight of his dying, fair young nephew, brandished his short sword, and cried in a frenzy of rage: "Follow me, every man who has a heart! At them! Life for life! Ten Hebrews for each Egyptian whom the sorcerer has killed!"

As a flock will rush into the fire if only the ram leads the way, the crowds flocked to follow the noble warrior. The women rushed in front of the men, thronging the doorway, and as the servants of the sanctuary hesitated till they should know the opinion of the prophet of Amon, their leader drew up his majestic figure, and said deliberately:

"All who wear priests' robes remain to pray with me. The people are the instruments of heaven, and it is theirs to repay. We stay here to pray for success for their vengeance."

CHAPTER II.

AIE, the second prophet of Amon, who acted as deputy for the now infirm old head prophet and high priest Ruie, withdrew into the holy of holies, and while the multitude of the inferior ministers of the god proceeded to their various duties, and infuriated crowd hurried through the streets of the town to the strangers' quarter.

As a swollen torrent raging through a valley carries down with it everything in its way, so the throng, as they rushed to their revenge, compelled every one on their way to join them. Every Egyptian from whom death had snatched his nearest and dearest was ready to join the swelling tide, and it grew till it numbered hundreds of thousands. Men, women and children, slaves and free, borne on the wings of their desire to wreak ruin and death on the detested Hebrews, flew to the distant quarter where they dwelt.

How this artisan had laid hold of a chopper or that housewife had clutched an ax they themselves sc

Recent Literature.

WHAT AUTHORS ARE DOING FOR US.

The Boy Travelers in Mexico — City Legends — Summer Holidays — Select Poems of William Wordsworth — Monopolies and the People—The Wooing of Grandmother Grey — October Magazines — Literary Notes.

"The Boy Travelers in Mexico" is one of those wonderfully bright and racy stories of Thomas W. Knox, which give so much valuable information, while affording the youthful mind a pleasant entertainment. This one details the adventures of two youths in a journey to Northern and Central Mexico, Campeachy, and Yucatan, with a description of the republics of Central America, and of the Nicaragua canal. It tells in an attractive way of all that they saw there, and that was enough to show what the manners, customs and character of the people are, and also the natural characteristics of the country. The volume is a very handsome one, well illustrated, and published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

Everybody knows Will Carleton, and many of his poems are familiar as the alphabet in the homes of the land. The new illustrated volume from his pen entitled "City Legends," which Harper & Brothers have just brought out, will find a warm welcome. He has divided the legend into seven different coins. "Whether the links of a dialogue and interlude with which they are connected be gold, silver, or base metal, the author will not say—he really does not pretend to know. Whether the pendants of the poems that hang from them be diamonds, pearls and rubies, or worthless paste, how can he guarantee?" The public will be quite sure to decide that they are neither "base metal" or "worthless paste."

"Summer Holidays" is further described as "Traveling Notes in Europe," by Theodore Child. Most of the sketches making up the volume have appeared originally in different American and English magazines. The author says of them that they have no continuity nor any connection of subject, but are simply souvenirs of summer's holiday travel. They form a very readable book, and one which will pleasantly entertain those who have never gone over the ground, as well as those who only see new countries through other's eyes. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

Harper & Brothers bring out in a very tasteful little volume "Select Poems of William Wordsworth," which are edited with notes by William J. Rolfe. The selection has been well made; the notes are copious, and there is a pleasant and most readable introduction. The book is embellished with engravings in character with the poems, the whole making a pretty and handy volume.

"Monopolies and the People" is the pet of Charles Whiting Baker, the associate editor of *The Engineering News*. In the first part of the book the author has presented the facts with regard to existing monopolies, and though he has by no means covered the ground, he has given enough to prove his position. Actual statistics are presented whenever it was possible, but in certain branches of monopolies none are to be had because "it would be absurd for the government to collect statistics of the operation of that which it pronounces illegal but makes no attempt to punish." The little volume is well worthy a most careful reading and thoughtful consideration. The author writes from a practical acquaintance with monopolies, and his conclusions are conclusions to the respect of the thoughtful public. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

"Every-Day Business," is a little book published by Lee & Shepard, Boston, and arranged for young people by M. S. Emery. It is made up of notes upon the practical details of business, giving information about matters that are usually learned only by experience, but which earlier acquired would be of the greatest benefit. This little volume belongs to the Classics for Home and School. Price 35 cents by mail.

A very clearly written and wonderfully interesting work, is a book now in its sixth edition entitled "The Man Wonderful in the House Beautiful," by Chilson B and Mary A. Allen, both practicing physicians, and therefore in a position qualifying them to speak with authority. It is couched in easy but accurate language, just such as would be likely to attract young people, and here lays its great value. Written in an allegorical form, it is yet scientific, and is fully up to the latest researches in anatomy and physiology. Especially good is that part that shows the evil effects of being enslaved by King Alcohol. The human body is represented as the house beautiful, and the mind the man wonderful living therein. The book has received high commendations from the best educators in the country. Mrs. Allen is an old resident of Toledo, which makes her success of interest to people here. Educational Publishing company, New York.

A beautiful book for the rapidly advancing holidays is "The Wooing of Grandmother Grey," a quaint little poem by Kate Tannett Woods, which is brought out in the fine style for which the publishing house of Lee & Shepherd, Boston, have become so well known. It is very prettily illustrated, and is printed upon fine paper, of a creamy tint that is particularly advantageous for bringing out the fine tints of the engravings.

The same publishers issue "Speaking Pieces for Little Scholars," a book made up of original dialogues and recitations, by Ellen O. Peck. This little work will be found to be a great convenience for the many who are puzzled to find something new and appropriate in this line.

In the series of "American Statesmen" issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, is "Benjamin Franklin," by John T. Morse, jr. Undoubtedly such a series would not be complete without this one, and yet so many biographies of Franklin have been given to the public that there seems no room for another. The present work, however, is concise and readable, presenting the salient points of the career of this undeniably great man in a very pleasant way. It is uniform with the other volumes of the series.

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, issue "Children's Stories in English Literature," by Henrietta Christian Wright. It begins with "The Old British Songs," and follows with "The Old Saxon Songs," on through the old poets, ending with "The Rise of the Drama" and "Shakespeare." The style is simple and expressive, and children could hardly fail to become interested. The author is already well known to the public by numerous other works of a similar character for the young folks.

A very taking little thing is "The Jackdaw of Rheims," by Thomas Ingoldsby, esq. The poem itself is bright and piquant, and the entirely new illustrations correspond in character with the poem. Each one is full of meaning and at once engages the attention by its exceeding aptness. The book is prettily gotten up, being printed upon heavy cream tinted paper. Each pace of the text has either a scroll or arabesque border, or some design in keeping. Illuminated paper cover. Published by Raphael Tuck & Sons, New York.

Literary Notes.

Mr. Swinburne's next book is to be a collection of essays on Ben Jonson.

Sampson Low & Co. will publish in November a novel by R. D. Blackmore entitled "Kit and Kittie."

"Bertie Leicester" is the name of a book by Sarah Orne Jewett, which will be published in October.

An edition of Tom Robertson's dramatic works is announced in London. It will be accompanied by six photogravure portraits and a memoir by his son.

Mrs. Ellen Olney Kirk, the wife of the historian and the author of "Margaret Kent," is a slender little lady with a fine brow and expressive eyes.

The Press Bureau, 1267 Broadway, N. Y., will publish on the 10th inst. a novel entitled "Earth-Born," by "Spirito Gentil"—described as "a novel of the misty past."

Mr. E. S. Brooks, author of "Historic Boys," the "Story of the American Indian," etc., has received a $500 prize from the Detroit *Free Press* for a Bible story entitled "A Son of Issachar." After running as a serial in the *Free Press* it will be published in book-form.

The Marquis of Lorne has written a biography of Palmerston which Sampson, Low & Co. will publish. Mr. Froude is preparing a biography of Beaconsfield.

J. S. Ogilvie will publish at once a novel by Lydia Hoyt Farmer entitled "A Night of Faith; or, Robert Elsmere refuted." The book will be issued in cloth and paper.

Leonard Kip, the Albany novelist, in a recent speech before the Albany Institute, protested against the republication of the over-youthful or other writings of an author which the author himself had decided to discard.

"The Reconstruction of Europe" from the rise to the fall of the Second Empire will be published shortly by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. It is written by Harold Murdock, of Boston, is well equipped with maps showing the successive changes in territorial alignment, and has an introduction by John Fiske.

Miss Grace King, the clever New Orleans novelist, is a stately woman, 27 years old, with brown hair and eyes and striking features. Miss King, although having an English name, belongs to a proud old creole family on her mother's side—a family that was by no means pleased with Cable's description of creole life in New Orleans.

Mrs. Arthur Stannard who is better known by her nom de plume of "John Strange Winter," is 33 years old, tall and handsome, with dark, brilliant eyes; her hair is also dark and curls closely all over her head. She dresses elegantly, rich, heavy velvets and handsome silks being her favorites. She is very fond of society and attends all the fashionable receptions during the London season.

The African traveller, Dr. Fricke, has returned to Germany, after an absence of nineteen years in the Dark Continent. He was a member of the Gordon expedition, and is one of the few men who escaped at Khartoum. His description of Gordon and his trials are full of the deepest interest. It is probable that he will soon publish a book, embodying also his connection with Dr. Peters and Emin Pacha.

The prizes offered a year ago by the Detroit *Free Press* for the three best serial stories, presented before a certain date, have just been awarded. Major Kirkland, the author of "Zury" and of "The McVeys," has taken the first prize of $1,600, with a story entitled "The Captain of Company K." Mrs. E. W. Pentlie, of Omaha, wins the second prize of $900 with her story, "The Judge," and Mr. Eldridge S. Brooks's "Son of Issachar" takes the third prize of $500.

Lee & Shepard, Boston, will soon issue a beautiful little book, entitled "Our Baby's Book," elegantly printed on heavy bristol boards, in colors and gold, with original designs, fastened with ribbons and silvered chains, neatly boxed. It is a convenient and beautiful repository for the baby's history; the date of birth, place of birth, weight at different periods, first tooth, first picture, and most uniquely of all, the record of baby's "wise sayings and doings." Any "grown up" baby who could have such a record, written in mother's own handwriting would prize it as among the most valued of possessions.

The latest excitement in the literary world is that Miss A. T. Winthrop claims that her story, "Wilfred," has been plagiarized by Mrs. Burnett in "Little Lord Fauntleroy." The stories are similar in many respects—that is, the lives of the two heroes run in very nearly the same channel, the radical difference in the two stories being that Fauntleroy is still living at the end of Miss Winthrop's book to save the Wilfred dies. Miss Winthrop also claims that she had sent the manuscript of her story to Mrs. Burnett for her opinion and advice in 1880 or before. Mrs. Winthrop's charge is denied, and there the matter rests for the present.

HE HAD MRS. SURRAT HANGED.

The Wreck of a Once Brilliant Lawyer in a Police Court.

As Gen. George Foster stood in the line of prisoners in the Harlem Police court yesterday, says the New York *World*, there was little in his appearance to distinguish him from the other "drunks." His lanky iron-gray hair was worn a little longer than is common. A gray mustache drooped about the corners of his mouth and his large gray eyes were bloodshot. His clothing and his person alike were lacking in cleanliness. It was not the first time that Gen. Foster had stood in line in a police court. Magistrate Andrews knew him well. Policeman Ryan said that Foster had raised a disturbance at Harry Hill's in One Hundred and Thirtieth street and been put out. He was very drunk when arrested, but a night in a cell had sobered him. No one was inclined to press a charge against the old man, and Justice Welde let him go. He went into an laundry on Fourth avenue kept by a kind-hearted woman, who sometimes lets him sleep there.

When he was arrested, Gen. Foster gave No. 2316 Third avenue as his address. Thornton's hotel is at that number, and the clerk said that Foster had not lodged there in several weeks, but often came there to see friends.

"I never saw a man become such a wreck before," said an old-time friend of the unfortunate. "His father, Dr. George Foster, had a large practice as a physician and an assured position in society. The young fellow had just been graduated as a lawyer when the war broke out, and he went to the front. He rose rapidly, and commanded a brigade in the 19th Army Corps under Gen. Banks. He led the assault on Port Hudson with distinguished gallantry and took part in the battle of Baton Rouge. Near the end of the war he went to Washington and served in the department of Justice. In many important matters he communicated chiefly with President Lincoln and Secretary Stanton. After the murder of the President Gen. Foster assisted in the prosecution of the conspirators, and the conviction of Mrs. Surratt was largely due to his talent and energy.

"Leaving official life, Gen. Foster came to New York and dropped into a law practice worth $15,000 or $20,000 a year, and was counted on all sides. He collected a fine law library, became a Mason of high rank and was prominent in the Grand Army. Less than a year ago the general began on the downward grade, after some domestic troubles. Mrs. Foster and her two daughters now live downtown somewhere. From being unusually neat in his dress, the general has grown to look like a tramp, and he has no money, except what he begs from those who may have known him in better days."

Modern Mistakes in Grammar.

Faults are pardonable in conversation, which are not pardonable in written compositions. But we must be careful not to take too much leeway in this regard, and not to make mistakes in grammar or pronunciation. Some people are guilty of grammatical blunders, through sheer carelessness. Thus, a lady of my acquaintance, who understands trigonometry, and can translate Virgil, often says to me, "you was," and yet she knows perfectly well that this is an excusable mistake.

Other people who ought to know better, say "he don't" for "he doesn't," "I don't know as I do," instead of "I don't know THAT I do." "Aint" and "taint" are not often used now by educated people, unless in a jesting way. It is an unwise thing, however, to be careless or inaccurate in one's pronunciation or use of language, since tricks of speech are easily caught, and very hard to get rid of. Thus, when one is talking to servants, or other uneducated people, one is often tempted to adopt their phraseology, in order to be readily understood by them, but it is better to withstand the temptation, even if one should be obliged in consequence to take more trouble to express one's meaning clearly.

What shall be said of the woman who says "I done it?" She has certainly placed herself between the horns of a dilemma. Her hearers will infer, either that her early education was neglected, or that she associated with uneducated people during her childhood. And yet this is a grammatical fault which seems hard to get rid of. Persons who never say "I seen it," or "he has went," or "them things," will occasionally betray themselves by letting slip the fatal "I done it."

It is quite as incorrect to use "he" and "I" for "him" and "me," or vice versa, as it is to say "I done it," and yet the two last-named sins of faults—that of using the wrong pronouns—is sometimes committed by educated people.

Indeed, I have heard the phrase "it is me" justified, on the ground that it was a literal translation of the French "*c'est moi*." But our English grammar does not, like its French namesake, justify the employment of certain pronominal forms, merely for the value of euphony. "He is older than I" may not sound so well as "he is older than me," yet the former is the correct form. It is a very common mistake to say "Between you and I," and yet a moment's reflection should convince anyone who has ever studied grammar, that he should say "between you and me."—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

The English postoffice does all the express business in Great Britain, carries parcels at an average cost of 11 cents each, and makes a profit of $2,250,000 a year.

DEAD BROKE.

Time.

MR. LYTEWAITE—Aw, no, I'm nawt rich, y' knaw, but I—bee! bee! am afraid that I have more dollars than sense doecherknaw?

MISS PYRTE—Oh, Mr. Lytewaite, I hope it is n't so bad as that.

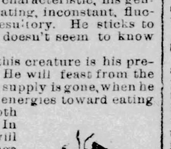
THE CUNNING COCKROACH,

A Word About the Printing Office Pests and Their Habits.

GET even with 'em? Get even with cockroaches—a thousand or so of the pesky things that can eat more, run faster, jump further and be more persevering than I can? Tell me how I may and I am under lasting obligations to you. Show me the means of delivering my desk and its belongings from the tyranny of the devastating hordes, that I may be able once more to look upon my personal property without first putting to flight a few thousands of the intruders and disturbing the nests where loving mothers are rearing with tender care new litters of roaches.

The cockroach and his affinity for the associations of newspaper offices are well —ah! too well known among the toilers at the desk. His ambition to lead a literary life is sublime, and his willingness to begin a journalistic career at the lower round of the ladder and gradually attain the pinnacle of the tripod is worthy of emulation. But alas! while his persistence is, in one respect, a marked characteristic, his general policy is vacillating, inconstant, fluctuating, erratic, desultory. He sticks to the business, and doesn't seem to know why.

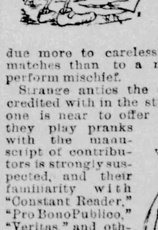
The voracity of this creature is his predominating trait. He will feast from the paste pot until that supply is gone, when he will devote all his best energies toward eating the color off the cloth covered books. In extremities he will eat and relish things at which more fastidious noses would be elevated in scorn. Feed him high priced poison that is warranted sure death to his kind and he thrives amazingly. Stuff him with arsenic or strychnine and he becomes corpulent, white, more aristocratic and at the same time more dangerous as a flavoring ingredient for restaurant pies; but he still lives. Give him paris green and he assumes a hue that should make him popular on St. Patrick's day morning or evening, but he will hanker for more. Let him eat cayenne pepper to his satisfaction and he becomes red and highly spiced, but suffers no apparent inconvenience. He will, in fact, eat anything, and from motives best known to himself, assume the color of his diet.



He won't die and no experienced man will knowingly consent to mash his offending body. Sometimes people bite them in two, but that is only when the roaches have previously been asphyxiated in a sandwich and are oblivious to pain. Hints, bribes and entreaties have no more effect upon the pertinacious pests than does cold poison.

That is why the cockroach stays.

He stays with us, eats paste as a steady thing, and often secures the remnants of some one's cold lunch as a *piece de resistance*. He enlarges the domain upon which he and his relatives have squatted in desks and drawers; he contributes to play havoc, and, unless he finds a box of matches convenient by which he burns himself out of house and home, he provides a haven for himself and posterity. The incendiarism with which he is often charged is no doubt due more to carelessness in the use of matches than to a malicious desire to perform mischief.



Strange antics the cockroaches are accredited with in the stilly hours, when no one is near to offer molestation. That they play pranks with the manuscript of contributors is strongly suspected, and their familiarity with "Constant Reader," "Pro Bono Publico," "Veritas," and others, often leads them into bacchanalian orgies over heaps of written pages. Spring poems and recipes for sure death to cockroaches are their special delight, when, with the exchange editor's shears and the sporting editor's shoes they may show their contempt for the lyre and the liar.

Reminded that I started out to "get even" for grievances against the cockroach, I find I have finished without saying anything ill of him. Even though I could, with a clear conscience, wage a war of extermination on him and his kind, I cannot. I malign him. A less tender consideration has enabled the artist to taste the sweetness of revenge which is denied the writer. May the roaches forgive both him and me.

THE INK OF ANTIQUITY.

How Ancient Authors Made Their Writing Fluids.

According to the Roman naturalist, Pliny, and other authors, the basis of the ink used by ancient writers was formed of lampblack or the black taken from burnt ivory and soot from furnaces and baths. Some also have supposed that the black liquor which the cuttlefish yields was frequently employed. One thing is certain, that whatever were the component ingredients, from the blackness and solidity in the most ancient manuscripts, from an inkstand found at Herculaneum, in which the ink appears as thick as oil, and from chemical analysis the ink of antiquity was much more opaque, as well as encaustic, than that which is used in modern times. Inks of different colors were much in vogue. Red, purple, blue and gold and silver inks were the principal varieties. The red was made from vermillion, cinnabar and carmine; the purple from the murex, one kind of which, called the purple encaustic, was appropriated to the exclusive use of the emperors. Golden ink was much more popular among the Greeks than among the Romans. During the middle or dark ages the manufacture both of it and of silver ink was an extensive and lucrative branch of trade, and the illuminated manuscripts which remain are a striking proof of the high degree of perfection to which the art was carried. The making of the inks themselves was a distinct business, and another connected with it, and to which it owed its origin, was that of inscribing the titles, capitals as well as emphatic words, in colored and gold and silver inks.

Pure Labor.

Texas Siftings.

Young Man—Does your sister play the piano, Bobby?

Bobby—Play it! No; but she works it about seven hours a day.

SKINNY'S SOULFUL SWAT.

How a Scraggy Boy Scored a Four Bagger and Broke the Record.

Chicago Times.

An interesting game was played on the lake front Saturday afternoon, at the foot of Randolph street. The players were small boys comprising nearly every known nation, tongue and clime. A motley group of assorted loafers sat on the approach to the viaduct and watched the sport.

In their half of the fourth inning the grimiest gamin team tied the score, which then stood 5 to 5. As they only intended to play four innings, the excitement was intense when the other kids came to bat. The bat, by the way, was simply a piece of an old board with a handle whittled on one end of it, and the ball was one of the soggy kind that costs twenty cents. But they got a heap of fun out of it just the same.

The first two batters flew out to centre, and when they got through cursing their luck the third and last man stepped up to the plate. He was a miserable, scraggy-looking, white trash of a boy, about three feet high, and he looked so puny and delicate that the catcher, a ginger-colored coon, sang out to the pitcher:

"Hi, dere, Freckles, g.ve Skinny an easy one. He couldn't hit it nohow."

The crowd laughed as Freckles good-naturedly stepped up a few paces and tossed an easy one over the plate. Skinny showed them whether or not he could hit it. He swung the board around and gave the ball a terrific swat, driving it out of sight; at least no one could tell where it went.

"Goo' boy, Skinny," yelled his side; "dat's good fer a home run."

Skinny dropped his bat and started around the bases, while the opposing players looked up in the air and down toward the Exposition building for the ball. But it wasn't discovered until skinny was safely in with the winning run. Then the coon catcher picked up the bat and found the ball sticking to the under side of it. A projecting nail on the board had stuck fair in the ball, pinning it fast to the bat and thus enabling Skinny to save the day.

It was the most remarkable four-bagger on record.

AN OLD STORY OF EDWIN BOOTH.

How He Played the Banjo for His Father and Edwin Forrest to Dance.

Stuart Robson, the comedian, is an inimitable story-teller, and frequently is in the mood to indulge his propensity to the limit. The other night he quietly sat himself down after the performance, with a few friends, to enjoy an hour or two of social intercourse after the play. Stories and lively badinage was the result.

"Who would think," said he, "that Edwin Booth was a good banjo-player, and that he fingered the strings when a young man for his father and Edwin Forrest to dance? He told me the story himself, and it runs in this way: He used to travel with his father, play small parts and look after the great actor's wardrobe. Edwin was very fond of picking the banjo, and his father was very tond of listening to it. One night he was sitting in his room before retiring away, while his father was listening. The elder Booth was always a little shy of Edwin Forrest, and would not for the world have had the great tragedian see him in anything but a dignified mood. But he was nicely caught on one occasion. Edwin was playing the banjo, and his father was enjoying it, when a knock came to the door.

"'Come in,' said the elder Booth, rather gruffly, when the door opened and in strode Edwin Forrest.

"'How are you, Junius?' said he to the father. 'How are you, Ed?' said he to the son.

"The father arose, shook hands with Mr. Forrest, and at the same time motioned Edwin with his hand to put the banjo away.

"'No,' said Mr. Forrest; 'no, no—I like to hear it.'

"Both resumed their seats.

"'Can you play "Old Zip Coon?"' said he to Edwin.

"The young Booth began playing the tune. When it was finished, Mr. Forrest asked for half a dozen familiar plantation melodies and Edwin played them. Finally he struck the air of an old Virginia hoe-down. The elder Booth began keeping time with his foot, and so did Forrest. Very soon the feet of both the great tragedians began to move in a halfway shuffle, and finally, as the full spirit of the music caught them, both began to dance the familiar steps which the music provoked.

"The harder Edwin played the more vigorous the steps of the two tragedians, and the frolic continued until all were tired."—*Hartford Evening Post.*

A DELICATE TERROR.

A Remark Made by a Child to a Lady in Love.

San Francisco Chronicle.

He was a delicate little chap and he had not much appetite. He was one of those ethereal children with fair hair and pale, interesting faces, with an angelic appearance, who are invariably holy terrors in the house. This angelic child, whom other children's mothers admired and who provoked envy of his mother in the general female breast, couldn't safely be taken anywhere. He was sure to make some break. But he had little appetite, and the only way they could get him to eat was by scaring him into it. They had kept him alive by dodges, so to speak. All else failing they decided to put him into trousers. He was a plain man-child and crazy to get into a boy's suit. They got him one and told him if he did not eat he would not fill his clothes. He ate; he forced himself to eat; he was so afraid they would take them away again. His mother took him with her to visit some friends. There was a beautiful, modest, charming, innocent young lady. Innocence is a development in women. It disappears from men at an early age. The more a woman knows the more innocent she becomes. The party was at dinner and the delicate little cuss was sitting there gorging and listening. The innocent young lady was in love or something. I suppose some interesting young man had squeezed her hand, or said something tender, or done something very silly, and she was not eating very heartily. They chided her gently on her want of appetite. Then the delicate little terror looked across the table and said:

"You'd better eat something, or your pants won't fit you!"

They took him home.

Fashions Fifty Years Ago.

Few ladies who "follow the fashions," or who consult the hundred and one fashion periodicals poured out from the press every month and every year, have any idea of the extreme simplicity of the patterns of female attire which were in vogue fifty and even forty years ago. It is sufficient to say that the bodice and the skirt of the dress were generally in one piece; that the gown fastened by hooks and eyes behind; that the skirts were "never clapped," and that their sole ornamentation was nothing but flounces.

The only practical way in which a lady could show that she was in full dress was to show a low necked dress and to bare her arms. Moreover, bodices were, when made low, universally cut horizontally instead of on the bias, and the female novelists of the last generation found unfailing material of fun in depicting the torments of growing girls at evening parties in their endeavors to prevent their low necked frocks from slipping off their shoulders. When a lady went to court she glorified herself with a train, a tail "pamache" of plumes and as many diamonds as fortune had favored her with; otherwise the cut of her gown did not materially differ from that of the school girl's low necked muslin frock.

THE RICHEST MAN ON EARTH.

John D. Rockefeller, Whose Income is Twenty Million Dollars a Year.

The president of the Standard Oil Trust, John D. Rockefeller, was educated in Cleveland, Ohio, where, 30 years ago, he was the proprietor of a small refinery. From this beginning he has achieved his enormous wealth and power. He spends a great part of his time in New York, where the offices of the company are situated, and in other places besides Cleveland, but is still superintendent of the Sunday-school of one of the Baptist churches of that city, attending its sessions whenever he can do so. He has long been an earnest member of the Baptist denomination, to the interests of which he contributes liberally. Mr. Rockefeller has made a splendid contribution, said to be millions of dollars, to the Baptist University at Chicago, placing this institution far beyond the possibility of its being pinched for funds. He is a quiet, retiring man, domestic in his habits, and the head of a household which is said to be a model in its simplicity of life.

AFTER SUPPER SMILES.

The washerwoman's motto: Let us soap for the best.—Binghamton Republican.

It is the popular belief that pugilists should travel in a box car.—Richmond Dispatch.

The more a man becomes wrapped up in himself the chillier he gets.—Oil City Blizzard.

Paper-hangers are about the only men who succeed in business by going to the wall.—Baltimore American.

There should never be any surprise at discovering that a near sighted man is an eye-dull person.—Washington Capital.

A dentist may pull teeth for children, but we have found that his patients are nearly all groan people.—Yonkers Statesman.

Chicago now has 68 aldermen. What in thunder does she want of a World's Fair with a menagerie like that?—Buffalo Express.

No distinction on account of race, color, etc., is permissible, and yet politicians seem to be at a "white" heat in Virginia.—Florida Times-Union.

An heiress' valuation: "I'm engaged to be married to a lovely girl. She has a hundred thousand." "That is her pa value, isn't it?"—Merchant Traveler.

Defining the species: Jones (struggling with a tough morsel)—"Waiter, what do you call this bird?" Waiter—"Woodcock, sah." Jones—"Aha! basswood?"—Burlington Free Press.

Excusable inebriety: Mrs. Booze—"What, drunk again?" Mr. Booze—"Nosh my fault (hic), called up brewery by telephone and (hic) couldn't stand the smell."—Binghamton Republican.

"Do you remember how ten years ago in this very place you offered yourself to me?" "Oh, yes, and you refused me." "I have been reconsidering the matter." "So have I."—Fliegende Blatter.

Pound for pound: Moore: "Did you save as much money as you thought you would by spending the summer in the country?" Poore (with a hard, bitter laugh)—"Save money! Why, man, my wife has put up sixty jars of preserves!"—Time.

A mathematical expert: Teacher—"If a man has 200 pounds of ice in his wagon and one-fourth of it is lost by melting, how many pounds do his customers pay for?" Boy (whose father is in the business)—"Three thousand pounds."—Life.

When Pain is Imaginary.

"The fact that one half of pain is imaginary," said an uptown dentist yesterday, "is shown by the manner in which many persons will stand most painful operations on some occasions, while on others they will be all nerves. I do not refer to the matter of health, which, of course, affects the ability to control one's self when under severe pain, but to the particular circumstances under which pain is inflicted at times in a dentist's chair. The sight of instruments will often make a timid person nervous when he controls himself perfectly well in other positions.

"A very terrible thing to many people who have occasion to visit a dental office is the dental engine used in excavating teeth in preparing them for the fillings. As a matter of fact the engine greatly lessens the pain, both by shortening the time required for doing the work, and from the fact that it is a less painful mode of accomplishing the desired result. Yet, until the person becomes accustomed to its use, he is made very nervous by the noise and motion of the machine, while he is quiet under the pain inflicted with the old-time instruments, which do not appear so terrible."

Curious Hindoo Notions.

A curious light is thrown on the rural life of Bengal by the contents of a paper reprinted lately in the annual report of the Bombay Anthropological society, says the Calcutta *Times*. From this paper we are told the following, among other things: Shouting the name of the king of birds (Garuda) drives away snakes. Shouting Ram, Ram, drives away ghosts. Cholera that attacks on Monday or Saturday ends fatally, but no cholera that attacks on Thursday. The flowering of bamboos augers famine. In fanning, if the fan strikes the body it should be thrice knocked against the ground. When giving alms the giver and receiver should not be standing on different sides of the threshold. It is bad to pick one's teeth with one's nails. If a snake is killed it should be burned, for it is a Brahman. At night the words "snake" and "tiger" should not be used; call them creepers and insects. Do not wake up a sleeping physician. A morning dream always comes to pass. Devotion without headgear is wrong. Iron is a charm against ghosts. A black cat with a white face is very auspicious.

A Serial.

As evening dews were falling,
A gentle western breeze,
The breath of flowers recalling,
Played round beneath the trees.
The moon in silver splendor
Rose proudly o'er the sea,
And shone in radiance tender
Upon my love and me.

We leaned across the wicket
That summer night divine,
And stared with a thicket
I asked her to be mine.
Her eyes through teardrops glistened—
I hoped she was not vexed—
She answered as I listened—
(Continued in our next.)

—*F. H. Curtiss.*

Preferred the Other Place.

St. Peter—"Well, sir, do you wish to come in?"

American Politician—"I don't know yet. How's the Irish vote here?"

"The Irish vote! We have nothing of the sort here."

"Well, you've got a gall to ask me in there, then! I'll go down stairs."—*Time.*

What is sweeter than roses
That bloom in the beauty of June?
Or the stately and fragrant lilies
Whose bells ring a summer tune?
Ah, sweeter the roses blowing
On the cheeks of those we love,
And the lily of health that's glowing
The cheeks' red rose above.

But how soon the lily and the rose wither in the faces of our American women. Why is it? Simply because so many of them are victims of weaknesses, irregularities and functional derangements incidental to the sex. If they would use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription all these beauty and health de-troying ailments might be warded off, and we would hear less about women "growing old before their time."

To regulate the stomach, liver and bowels, Dr. Pierce's Pellets excel. One a dose.

A HISTORIC CANNON

STILL IN USE ON THE KEARSARGE.

The Gun That Sunk the Alabama in 1864—The Armament of the Two Vessels—Details of the Engagement by a Participant.

EW of those who recall the stirring events of a quarter of a century ago are aware that the great gun which terminated the career of the Confederate cruiser Alabama, is still in service on the Kearsarge. Indeed, with this gun, the crew of that vessel recently won the prize for the best target practice at Hayti. The object was to put as many shots as possible in the time allowed, into a regulation target at 1,000 yards. This gun, under Captain Anderson, put six shots into the target within nine minutes after the order to fire; this time covering the operations of swabbing, loading, running out, training, aiming and firing for each shot. This was considered an unusual record.

The Kearsarge, just returned from Haytian waters, has been Admiral Bancroft Gherardi's flagship of late. She is probably the most famous of the historic vessels now in the United States naval service. She is a wooden steamer—a screw propeller—of 1,031 tons. She was one of several experimental vessels built by the government in 1861-2, and has been the most successful experiment ever tried by the Navy department, for she is the only vessel now afloat in any navy that has sunk her antagonist in action. At the time of her celebrated fight with the confederate cruiser Alabama, off Cherbourg, France, over twenty-five years ago, she carried substantially the same armament as she has at present—a 30-pounder pivot rifle on the forecastle, four 32-pounder smooth-bores in broadside, and two 11-inch Dahlgreas—enormous guns—pivoted, one forward and one abaft the engines. These guns carried shell weighing 136 pounds, and both, but more especially the aft pivot gun, did most deadly and effective work in the fight. The Alabama's most useful gun was a fine Blakeley pivot rifle, manned by a gunner who had been trained in the English navy, and out of 28 shot and shell that struck the Kearsarge during the fight, the most effective were the Blakeley shells, one of which carried away the shell crane of the aft pivot gun, wounding three of the gun's crew—John W. Dempsey, quartergunner; William Gouin, who subsequently died, and James Macbeth, seaman—and one of which penetrated the stern post, shaking the vessel from stem to stern, but failed to explode. This shell, imbedded in a section of the old stern post, is now in the Navy Yard Museum at Washington.

During the action the Kearsarge, slowly, deliberately, and with frightful accuracy, poured a storm of shot and shell into the Alabama, and from the big gun on the quarter deck, now called the Winslow, after the late Admiral (then Captain) John C. Winslow, who commanded the Kearsarge during the action, went the shell that sunk the Confederate vessel. One of the Alabama's crew tells the story of the engagement as follows:

"The first shot that struck the Alabama made the ship real and tremble. Solid shot from the lighter guns penetrated the side, as water line. A shell from the eleven-inch forward pivot gun of the Kearsarge entered the coal bunkers, burying several of the firemen, and raising a cloud of dust. Three in succession from the eleven-inch pivot gun aft entered the eight-inch pivot gun port. The first exploded, tilting the gun out of range, and killing five of its crew. The second killed and wounded several others, and the third struck the gun carriage, spun around on deck, and was thrown overboard by one of the men. The shot at the water line had by this time begun to tell, and the ship listed to starboard. When the circuit of the fight brought her head to the coast of France, the headsails were hoisted, the foretrysail sheeted home, and the guns pivoted to port with scarcely a moments' cessation of firing. This was a brilliant display of nautical skill. At this moment the fires were reported out. The ship had scarcely filled away with an 11-inch shell from the Kearsarge penetrated the side, passed through the wardroom, carrying away a table with a dinner upon it. In this room the assistant surgeon was at that moment engaged, without injuring the surgeon himself, and tore a gap in the side through which the water came with a rush." This was the death blow of the Alabama. The colors then were struck, and within ten minutes she went down stern foremost, almost in a perpendicular position, after an engagement of an hour and a quarter.

The son of Lieutenant Commander Thornton, in whose possession the station bill of the Kearsarge remained after the action—it not then being the rule to file it with the navy department—renders it impossible to obtain the names of the gun crews on that historic day. The officers, however, are known: Acting Master James R. Wheeler fought the 11-inch pivot gun forward, Master's Mate Charles H. Danforth the forecastle gun, Acting Master David H. Sumner the 32-pounders aft, and Acting Master Ebenezer M. Stoddard the 11-inch pivot gun aft. Stoddard was ably supported by Quartermaster William Smith, who was captain of that gun's crew, and to whose coolness and accuracy the deadly effect of their shell is due. Three of the gun's crew were wounded in the action, one of whom died from his wounds, but no harm was done to the gun itself, notwithstanding the whole fire of the Alabama was at one time concentrated upon it by order of Capt. Semmes, in a fruitless attempt to silence it. A shell from the Alabama, however, struck the muzzle of the forward pivot gun and exploded, knocking out a large piece.

Since the war closed the Kearsarge has been somewhat altered. Her rail, which was then breast high, has been raised about two feet. The famous gun and its mate, the "Fountain," has been converted from 11-inch Dahlgrens (smooth bore) into 8-inch rifles, carrying percussion shells weighing 180 pounds, and when charged with 25 pounds of hexagonal powder, at an elevation of nine degrees, having a range of 3,500 yards; an elevation of ten degrees, with 35 pounds of powder, gives a range of 4,700 yards. Both stand, today, in their old positions, on the deck of the Kearsarge—the "Fountain" forward, the "Winslow" aft. The vessel is now under the command of Commander E. M. Shepgard, with Lieutenant Commander Charles Belknap as executive officer. Lieutenant W. E. Cowles is in command of the gun with a crew of 26 men.

Of the officers of the Alabama but one survives, Lieutenant John McIntosh Kell, her executive officer, who is a resident of Georgia. Captain Semmes became a rear-admiral in the Confederate Navy, and died in 1877 at Mobile. Of the officers of Kearsarge in the fight off Cherbourg, Captain Winslow was successively promoted to be commodore and rear-admiral, and died at Boston in 1873. Lieutenant-Commander James S. Thornton became a commander, then captain and died at Germantown, Pa., in 1875. Surgeon John M. Browne, by successive promotions, has become Surgeon-General of the Navy. Paymaster J. Adams Smith has become pay inspector. Both these live at Washington. Acting Master Eben M. Stoddard became a lieutenant, left the service and has become known as one of the most daring wreckers on the Atlantic coast. The skillful quartermaster, William Smith, was promoted to mate after the action, and has left the service. The others were promoted and left the service, with the exception of Chief Engineer W. H. Cushman, who died in Philadelphia in 1865. They have left an undying record behind them.

For "Pet" Parties.

Texas Siftings.

The important announcement is made in a society paper that cards for pet parties are the same size as those used by the lady owning the pet. For a pet dog there be may a neatly engraved head of a dog—a likeness of your Fido, if you prefer—on the lower left hand corner. A cat may sit purring in the corner of the card, if the party is to be given in honor of a pet feline. If you are unable to attend a pet dog party in person, and there is no pup about the house that you can send to represent you, etiquette requires that you forward a dog collar, blanket, bridle, drinking bowl or dog-button with your compliments. A boot-jack is one of the most appropriate things you can send a cat.

Not Serious.

Physician—"You must have made some big blunder in cleaning my watch. It won't run at all now."

Watchmaker (taking the watch)—"I will put it in good order. A jeweler's blunders are easily repaired."—*Puck.*

The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

GAY AND HAPPY.

COMRADE STOLT, SECOND ILLS. CAV.

We're the boys that's gay and happy,
Well contented on the field
With our nation's banners o'er us,
And our country for our shield.

CHORUS.—

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Do not send more than three queries at one time. All questions to receive attention, must be on separate sheets from business letters or articles for other departments, written on one side of the paper only, and the true name and address *must* be given. If requested, the name and address will not be published.

2.—Do not ask us where you can sell anything, or where you can buy anything. Such requests are advertisements, and must be paid for.

3.—No addresses will be given, either of business firms or of persons, in reply to requests. To do so would be leaving ourselves liable.

4.—Do not ask whether any business, company or individual is reliable. We will not reply.

5.—This department is intended to answer only such questions as are of interest to the masses of the BLADE'S readers; hence we will not waste space in answering questions that are not.

6.—We can not give space to mathematical problems, puzzles, etc., nor will we decide bets.

7.—No replies by mail, under *any* circumstances.

The United States Navy—European Navies.

J. D., Remington, Ind.: The navy of the United States must be classified into the "old" and the "new" navy—the former embracing all vessels that are now in service that date from the war of the rebellion, or earlier; the latter, the new vessels built, building, or authorized by Congress within the last six years or so:

THE "OLD" NAVY.

Steam vessels—1st rate, 5 vessels; 2d rate, 13; 3d rate, 43; 4th rate, 7; tugs, 12; wooden vessels—serviceable, 12; unserviceable, 6; total, 93.

THE "NEW" NAVY.

Armored Vessels.	Condition.	Material.		Armament, breech-load rifles.
Puritan	Built	Iron	4	10-in.
Miantonomoh	"	"	4	"
Amphitrite	"	"	4	"
Monadnock	"	"	4	"
Terror	"	"	4	"
Maine	Building	Steel	4	10-in., 6 6-in.
Texas	"	"	2	12-in., 6 6-in.
Six monitors	"	Iron	2	13-in. smooth bore each.
Unarmored Vessels.				
Chicago	Built	Steel	4	8-in., 8 6-in.
Boston	"	"	2	8-in., 6 6-in.
Atlanta	"	"	2	"
Dolphin	"	"	1	6-in.
Charleston	"	"	2	8-in., 6 6-in.
Baltimore	"	"	4	8-in., 8 6-in.
Newark	Building	"	12	6-in.
Yorktown	"	"	6	6-in.
Philadelphia	"	"	12	6-in.
San Francisco	"	"	6	"
Concord	"	"	6	6-in.
Bennington	"	"	4	"
Vesuvius (dynamite gun)	"	"	3	12-in.
1st class torpedo boat	"	"		
Shietta, torpedo boat	"	Wood.		

All the vessels in the new navy have secondary batteries in addition.

2.—The strength of the navies of the countries of Europe is as follows:

Great Britain	82 armored	109	unarmored
France	60	59	"
Italy	23	14	"
Germany	14	31	"
Russia	32	39	"
Austria	12	14	"
Spain	20	39	"
Netherlands	17	46	"
Turkey	17	48	"
Denmark	7	11	"
Sweden & Norway	9	11	"

These figures do not include gunboats, torpedo boats, transports, dispatch or training vessels. The total number of guns in the British navy is 2,495, exceeding the combined totals of Germany, Italy, Russia and Austria. The total number of guns of the French navy is 1,709.

The Constitutional Convention of 1787.

P. H. C., Oberlin, O., asks us to "give the names and the dates of birth and death of the delegates who were at the convention which framed the federal constitution in 1787."

We have not at hand a complete list of the delegates to the constitutional convention of 1787, nor would it be possible to find the dates of birth and death of them all. Those who signed the completed constitution on September 17, 1787, were the following:

New Hampshire—John Langdon, Nicholas Gilman.

Massachusetts—Nathaniel Gorham, Rufus King.

Connecticut—Wm. S. Johnson, Roger Sherman.

New York—Alexander Hamilton.

New Jersey—Wm. Livingston, D. Brearley, Wm. Paterson, Jona. Dayton.

Pennsylvania—B. Franklin, Thos. Mifflin, Robt. Morris, Geo. Clymer, Thos. Fitzsimons, Jared Ingersoll, Jas. Wilson, Gouverneur Morris.

Delaware—Geo. Read, G. Bedford, jr., John Dickinson, Richard Bassett, Jacob Brown.

Maryland—Jas. M. Henry, Daniel of St. Thomas Jenifer, Daniel Carroll.

Virginia—John Blair, Jas. Madison, jr., George Washington (President of the convention.)

North Carolina—Wm. Blount, R. D. Spaight, H. Williamson.

South Carolina—J. Rutledge, C. C. Pinckney, Chas. Pinckney, Pierce Butler.

Georgia—Wm. Few, Abraham Baldwin.

London—New York—Columbus.

H. N. W., Coventryville, N. Y.: The date of the founding of the city of London is not known, nor by whom it was founded. The first authentic mention of it is in the works of the Roman historian Tacitus, who called it Londinium. About 100 years after Cæsar's invasion of Britain, it was taken by the Romans under Claudius, and named Augusta. In A. D. 61 the Britons under Boadicea captured and burnt it. Under the Saxons it was the capitol of the East Saxon kingdom. William, the Conqueror, granted it a charter.

2.—Henry Hudson discovered Manhattan Island, on which the city of New York stands, in September, 1609. The first settlement on the Island was made by the Dutch in 1623. Peter Minuit, the first Dutch governor, arrived in 1626, and bought Manhattan Island of the Indians for goods worth $24. Fort Amsterdam was built in the same year at the southern point of the island.

2.—It seems probable that the Norsemen discovered the continent of North America some 400 or more years before Columbus's discovery. However, their discovery did not lead to explorations or permanent settlements, nor was it known to the then great commercial nations of Europe. Columbus opened the way for settlements, and hence the real credit of the discovery is certainly that of him. There is no proof that he had ever heard of Leif Erikson and his reputed discovery.

The "Equinoctial Storm."

L. M. V., Neligh, Neb., asks: "What is the cause of the equinoctial storms which so often occurs about the time the sun crosses the equator?"

The gradual withdrawal of the heat of the sun, by its travel southward, and the lengthening of the nights, gives rise to disturbances in the atmosphere, which manifest themselves in storm movements. Sometimes the first great storm of the winter half of the year occurs as early as the last days of August, and sometimes not till as late in October. Frequently there is one or more in September, and as the fall equinox occurs on the 21st or 22d, this event became associated in the minds of the people with the first cold storm of the fall. Of c urse the equinox, or the crossing of the equator southward by the sun in his annual apparent journey, is a purely astronomical event, and has not the slightest influence of itself on the weather. The storms are the result of the cooling of the northern hemisphere by the gradual withdrawal of the sun's heat, and the consequent atmospheric disturbances.

Senator Ingalls's Statement.

S. W. S., Pomona, Kan., writes: "In the Weekly BLADE of Sept. 19, page 8, c lumn 4, under the heading, 'Ingalls for Senator,' you say, 'the wealth of the nation increases $420,000,000 at every tick of the watch.' As my watch ticks twice for every second, this would amount to the enormous sum of $72,576,000,000,000 in 24 hours."

The language quoted was the Associated Press report of Mr. Ingalls's remarks. The Senator's attention was called to it, and he states that it was not correct either by reporter or of telegraphic transmission, and that what he said was "$420 at every tick of the clock," meaning that much per second. This, however, is probably entirely too high an estimate of the increase in the total national wealth. However, the statement is Senator Ingalls's, not the BLADE'S.

"Tectotaller Dick."

Every reader of the Question Bureau is requested to turn to the fourth page of this issue and read there the announcement of Col. Knox's new temperance story, written expressly for THE BLADE. And then we shall be glad to have them, each and every one, send us the names of persons who do not take THE BLADE, but who would be glad to read "Tectotaller Dick," and have their children read it. We will send sample copies of the copy, containing the first instalment to all whose names are sent. And we urge that you send us names at once.

The "Stamp Flirtation."

"New Subscriber," Champaign, Ill., sends us this request: "Will you please publish the 'stamp flirtation' in full and oblige?"

We are certain that this is a new subscriber, for several reasons: first, the real name was not given, as required by Rule 1 above; second, this question has been replied to several times recently. He will please observe the rules above hereafter, if he wishes replies. We wish to say, in the most emphatic manner, that to put a stamp on a letter in any other place than the upper right hand corner, means, to every business man, and every postal clerk, that the person so doing is a fool. That is the only place for the stamp, and to put it anywhere else only leads to trouble in the postoffice. Lovesick girls and green young men should find some other method of expressing their emotional nature than by misplacing postage stamps.

The Slang Term "Sheeny."

A. C., Hazelton, Pa.: The following is said to be the origin of the term "Sheeny," applied by low-bred persons to Jews: As a result of the kindness shown to them by the nations among whom they lived during the Middle Ages the Jews, out of love for their neighbors, came to use as a benediction, salutation, valediction, malediction, whatever you may choose to call it, the fervent wish, *Mizah Meshina!*

DR. T. B. MYERS, of David City, Neb., writes: "Dr. Seth Arnold's Cough Killer is the best remedy for whooping cough and measles ever saw. SOLD BY ALL DEALERS. Price, 25c. 50c. and $1 per bottle.

HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE ROLLERS
Beware of Imitations
NOTICE AUTOGRAPH OF Stewart Hartshorn ON LABEL, AND GET THE GENUINE
HARTSHORN

Anglice: "Mayest thou die one of the five judicial deaths!" Thus, a German baron pulling out the rabbi's beard was prayed for by the whole congregation that he might take a Mesch Medrina. The use of this curse became common, to the extent that it was used on the slightest provocation, and the English, catching the terminal sound from the same class of people constantly, used it, or its corruption Skeeny, to designate them in slang phrase.

High License in Pennsylvania.

Reader, Raymore, Mo., writes: "In talking with a third party Prohibitionist, the claim was made that drunkenness and crime had increased in Pennsylvania since high license went into effect. Will you please give some statistics on the subject?"

It is impossible to give "statistics," but it is a fact, admitted by all intelligent residents of the cities of Pennsylvania, that since the Brooks high license law went into effect there has been a fewer number of arrests for drunkenness, and fewer breaches of the peace and crimes, due to liquor, than before. In Philadelphia especially it is noted that the closing up of the low dggeries has caused the floating population of vicious persons and low criminals to leave, probably going to cities in other states, simply because their resorts are thus shut up. The real objection to high license is that so long as a saloon is open, young men are tempted to drink. That it does conserve good order, etc. is undoubtedly true.

Long Island.

H. G. T., Wakeman: Long Island has an extreme length of 115 miles, an extreme width of 23 miles, and contains 1,682 square miles. It comprises Kings, Queens and Suffolk counties of the state of New York. When first discovered Long Island was inhabited by thirteen tribes of Indians, of whom some 200 persons now remain, mixed with negro blood, and having no knowledge of the Indian language. It is believed the first settlement was made in 1632, by the Dutch, at the western end. The English made settlement on the eastern end in 1640, which was claimed by the New England colonies. This claim was the subject of frequent disputes until the Dutch authority was finally extinguished by the English conquest.

The "47th of Euclid."

X. Y. Z., Minerville, N. Y.: It is stated by Callimachus that Pythagoras, the Greek philosopher, visited Egypt, and that he brought his mathematical knowledge from that country. Apollodorus, speaking of Pythagoras's geometrical researches, ascribes to him the discovery of the relation which the hypothenuse of a right-angled triangle has to the other two sides. This proposition is the 47th in Euclid's work on geometry, and is this: "The square described on the hypothenuse of a right-angled triangle is equal to the sum of the squares of the other two sides." This famous proposition used to be nicknamed the "pons asinorum," which is Latin for "the bridge of asses," because learners find much difficulty in understanding it. It can be found, with its demonstration, in any school geometry.

"Comin' Thro' the Rye."

F. I. R., Helena, Mont.: Only a few weeks ago, we stated, in this department, that, in Burns's famous song,

"Gin a body meet a body,
Comin' thro' the rye,"

the word "rye" does not mean the growing grain, but is the name of a shallow ford across a stream, with stepping-stones on which foot passengers can cross, in the neighborhood where Burns lived. The pictures so often seen, of a brawny young Scotchman kissing a buxom lassie as he meets her in a path across a field of waving rye, is entirely erroneous. The bold swain of the song met her on the stepping-stones, and she had either to submit to the salute or take to flight through the water, at the risk of a wetting.

The Bull Run Battle.

G. W. D., Dennison, O., writes: "I have a stereoscopic view of the battle of Bull Run, and it is described as 'The Duel.' Will you inform me if there was a duel fought there, and if so, please describe it? The picture shows three or four men of each side, with guns at 'ready,' a stone pile between them, etc."

The view is evidently a mere incident of the battle—the meeting of a Union and Confederate soldiers at close quarters. Probably the artist was at a loss for a name for the scene, and called it "The Duel" for lack of a better name. No duel, in the proper meaning of the word, was fought during the battle, of course.

Electoral Vote of 1888.

H. E. S., Richfield, Kan.: 1.—You will find in the Bureau of the Weekly BLADE of August 1, this year, a complete list of all the cabinet officers from 1789 to the present year. 2.—The electoral vote at the Presidential election last year was as follows:

Harrison	233
Cleveland	168

3.—"Sinbad the Sailor" is a character in "The Arabian Nights." Probably his history is all history except sacred history, as embraced in the Bible. Please read the rules above.

Balbriggan.

W. P. C., Corinne, Utah: Balbrigan is a town in Ireland, 15 miles northeast of Dublin, with about 2,500 inhabitants, who are employed in the manufacture of cotton goods and hosiery. The cotton stockings made here are remarkable for the fineness of their texture. The name is pronounced Bal-brig-gan, accent on the second syllable, the "a" in the first syllable sounded as in "fat." This pronunciation has the authority of the American Cyclopedia, as well as of Irishman native to that county, who are presumed to know the proper pronunciation.

Miscellaneous.

E. H. M., Cherryvale, Kan.: Please read Rule 3 above.

S. B., Locust Lane, Pa.: We are sorry to say we have no facts concerning the life of Mr. Kerr.

J. D. W., Lineville, Ala.: It is impossible for us to hunt for an advertisement in the files of THE BLADE, unless we know the date on which it was published. Please read Rules 2 and 3 above.

C. N. S., Deadwood, Ore.: Better apply to the nearest United States land office for information as to what steps to pursue, or address a letter of inquiry to "Commissioner of the General Land Office, Washington, D. C."

W. B., Paris Ill., writes to know where he "can get a list of all the postoffices in the United States." Get a bookseller to order for you a copy of the "United States Official Postal Guide," published by the authority of the Postoffice department.

Subscriber's wife: 1.—The name is spelled "Arkansas," but pronounced "Ark-an-saw." The legislature of that state did not change the spelling; it merely declared, by resolution, what the legal pronunciation should be. 2.—No gentleman has a right to speak to a lady until she recognizes him.

H. R., Vallonia, Ind.: The so-called "philosophy" to which you refer has no standing whatever among scientific men. It is a case of pretentious egotism, of ignorance palming itself off for profundity among persons not sufficiently educated as to be able to see through its pretensions.

E. R., Sparta, Wis.: Three times since January last we have printed full information about civil service examinations, and we can not waste space by repeating it. Briefly, write to the "Secretary of the Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C.," stating what position you intend to apply for, and ask for information. He will send you a blank application, which you will fill out and return to him. You will then be notified where and when to appear for examination.

E. H. B., Weston, O.: 1.—General competency as a printer, or five years' apprenticeship, is the only requirement for membership in a typographical union. 2.—It is utterly impossible to say how many ems of any sized type are in a "galley." The exact length of the galley and the width of the column would have to be known. Figure it out for yourself; set up a line of quads and find how many ems are in the line; multiply this by the number of lines in the galley of solid type, divide by 1,000, and you will have it exactly.

How Johnnie Caught Rattlers.

Athens Chronicle.

A little boy was very fond of rambling around in the woods in southern Georgia, and every time he went out he would capture a rattlesnake and bring it home alive.

"How do you catch them, Johnnie?" said the mother.

"Jes' so," said the boy, and he showed her the operation. He would take a large candy jar and place the open mouth of the jar in front of the rattler. Then he would firmly fix his gaze upon the snake and hold him spell bound. He would then punch the snake's tail with a long stick and shove him along until he had him secure in the bottle.

In this manner he captured thirty rattlers, and placed them on shelves in the kitchen.

The curious collection remained there for some time. One morning the mother missed the snakes and also the boy. She looked around the house and found them nowhere. Finally she heard laughter in the front yard. She went out and beheld a fantastic spectacle. The young kid was dancing around the front yard, while the thirty snakes were twisting around flowers and bushes, and had converted the flower yard into a regular snakedom.

What is "Spankins."

"Mamma, what's hereditary?" asked Bobby, laboriously tripping over the syllables of the long word.

"Why, it is—it is anything you get from your father or me," replied the mother, a little puzzled for a definition suited to his years. Silence of two minutes.

"Then ma," he asked, "is spankins hereditary?"—*Health Monthly.*

Poetry.

THE FAR VALLEY.

HEN the sweet star kisses rest
On the blue sea's quiet breast,
And the dew is on the rose, and the birds are in nest:
When the white moon's beauty gleams
On the waves of the languid streams,
And other men are drifting down a sleepy tide of dreams—

Then I mount my steed and ride,
With the bright stars for my guide,
Where the lowlands and the hi_hlands by their gleams are glorified
Over hill and over plain,
By fair fields and ot corn and grain,
Past violets on the riverside and lilies in the lane,

Through the forest ways I go
Where the sweet acacias blow;
And their branches bend to kiss my eyes because I love them so;
Until I come at last
Where the light of stars is cast
Across a haunted valley called the Valley of the Past,

And down its ways I creep,
Through its shadows dense and deep,
Till I find the one I look for in the silence there asleep;
Then beneath those dreamy skies
She awakes in glad surprise,
With her rose-red mouth a-blossom, and the summer in her eyes.

And we wander hand in hand
Through a still and shadowy land,
And we bide by rippling rivers slipping over silver sand;
Oft we pause in moonlit dells,
Listening to the lily-bells
Ringing out their faint carrillons to the sleeping asphodels.

Close she clings unto my hand
Wherever our feet may stand,
Her sweet eyes dim with tears that I alone can understand;
Then they pass—and she has smiled
With her face like to a child,
And the low lilt of her laughter like clear water undefiled.

Oftimes she binds her hair
With the lilies that are there,
And the interlacing orange blossoms that young maidens love to wear,
And again she flings them down
With a sob, and turns around,
Her brows a wreath of cypress bleit with sharp thorns for a crown.

So o'er hills of hushed repose
Are fair fields that no one knows,
Where our footsteps fall more faintly than the falling of a rose,
We pass on, away, away.
Till the eastern skies are gay
With the amethyst and amber at the doorway of the day.

Ah! many a night I ride,
With my soul unsatisfied,
Until I gain the valley and the soft arm of my bride,
Who, bo sever dark it be,
Waiteth always there for me
With love and tears and kisses—and her name is Memory.

—*James Lindsay Gordon, in Belford's Magazine.*

A New Poem by Tennyson.

THE THROSTLE.

"Summer is coming, Summer is coming,"
I know it, I know it, I know it.
Light again, leaf again, life again, love again,
Yes, my wild little poet.

Sing the New Year is under the blue,
Last year you sang it as gladly,
"New, new, new, new!" Is it then so new
That you should carol so madly?

"Love again, song again, nest again, young again!"
Never a prophet so crazy,
And hardly a daisy as yet, little friend,
See, there is hardly a daisy.

"Here again, here, here, here, happy year,"
O warble unbidden, unbidden,
Summer is coming, is coming, my dear,
And all the Winters are hidden.

—*New York World.*

AN EMPRESS IN THE KITCHEN.

She Looks After It, Superintends Everything, and It is a Wonderful Place.

The Empress of Austria is the best royal housekeeper in Europe. She is as thoroughly acquainted with the details of the imperial Austrian kitchen as her husband is with the details of the imperial Austrian government. She superintends the household affairs of the big palace at the Austrian capital with the greatest care. She receives personally, reads and acts upon reports from cooks, butlers, keepers of the plate, and keepers of the linen. Cooking devices which have become inconvenient or antiquated are abolished only at her command. New methods of preparing or serving food are adopted only at her suggestion. Changes in the personnel of the establishment are made for the most part only in obedience to her orders. Consequently no person can not, drink, sleep and be served better in her house than in any other in Europe.

The kitchen in which the food for the bluest blood of Austria is cooked is a huge room with all the arrangements at each end for preparing fish, fowl, and beast for the table. Fifty chickens can be roasted at once on one of the big whirling spits. Against the side walls from floor to ceiling stand scores upon scores of chafing dishes. In these dishes, all of which are self-warming, the meats are carried to the carving room, whence they are returned to the kitchen ready to be served. The boiling and baking and frying and carving are all cautiously done by a small regiment of servants. Twenty-five male cooks, in white clothes, dress, spit, season, and stuff the meats. As many female cooks prepare the vegetables, the puddings, and the salads. A dozen or more boys hurry the birds, fish, and joints from the kitchen to the carving room, where long lines of carvers slice and joint everything laid before them.

The kitchen utensils fill a big room opening into the kitchen This room is the ideal of German housewives. The high walls are covered with pans, kettles, griddles and covers, which shine as only German hands and German muscle could make them shine. There are soup tureens in which a big boy might be drowned, kettles in which twins could play house, and pans which would hold half a dozen little Hanses or Gretchens. In short, about every culinary utensil on the walls is of the large, suggestive rather of the Missouri barbecue than of the feasts of crowned heads and diplomats at one of the first of courts.

For days before the great court festivals the whole Austrian court kitchen staff, from the "head court cooking master" down to the youngest scullion, work like mad. The chefs hold repeated consultations in their council chamber, often debating hour after hour with all the earnestness of the parliament or congress concerning the best methods of preparing stews, sauces, cakes and soups. The menu, as selected by the chefs, is submitted to the master of the provision department, so that he may immediately order from the city whatever the cellars of the castle lack.

The Austrian court dinners are famous on the Continent. The delicacies which result from the protracted meetings in the council chamber of the chefs are often so fine that favored guests not infrequently observe the old German fashion of taking a choice bit home to their friends in the name of the Empress and with her best wishes. All that remains of a court feast, or dinner, is sent to the Viennese hospitals. On the days just after the banquet the Empress is very busy looking over the reports and inventories of the frau head keeper of the napkins, and the frauelin head keeper of the tablecloths, and the herr head guardian of the imperial china, and a dozen other like functionaries with jointed titles. She reviews all these communications with conscientious care, and orders with strict attention to minute details the replacement of all that has been lost, broken or defaced.

SICK HEADACHE
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
Positively Cured by these Little Pills.
They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. Purely vegetable. Price 25 cents.
CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York

BEAUTY of Skin & Scalp RESTORED by the CUTICURA Remedies.

NOTHING IS KNOWN TO SCIENCE AT ALL comparable to the CUTICURA REMEDIES in their marvellous properties of cleansing, purifying and beautifying the skin and in curing torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the New Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood diseases, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price: CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

☞ Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

☞ Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP. ☜

Dull Aches, Pains and Weaknesses instantly relieved by the CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, the only pain-killing plaster. 25c.

HOW MONEY IS MADE.

The Process Bullion Goes Through Before It is Turned Out as Coin.

When bullion is deposited at a United States mint it is brought to the weigh clerk, who weighs it on a very delicate balance, the weight being reported to the hundredth part of an ounce. The largest weight used for weighing bullion is 500 ounces, and the smallest one-thousandeth part of an ounce. A receipt is given the depositor, which acknowledges the weight of so many gross ounces of bullion, the value to be ascertained and paid for according to law.

After the deposit has been weighed in the presence of the depositor and the weigh clerk, it is placed in a locked box and taken to the deposit melting room. Where (unless it consists of fine bars of well-known refineries), it is melted, generally with some fluxing material, at a very high heat, being kept constantly stirred during the melting, the object being to produce a homogeneous mass. If it is a gold deposit it is then poured into a mold producing a gold bar, and when the bar is cooled a small piece called a "clip" is cut from each end of the bar, and sent to the assayer.

In the case of a silver deposit, instead of taking a clip from the bar a sample for assay is obtained by dipping from the molten mass a small quantity and pouring it quickly into water, producing granules, or a sort of shot, which are sent to the assayer for assay. From the clip or granules the quantity of the precious metals contained in the deposit is ascertained by chemical analysis, the value calculated and the depositor paid.

It is of the first importance, both to the depositor and the government, that the quantity of the precious metals contained as ascertained by chemical analysis, should be most accurately determined; therefore, only the most delicate balances are used, and only the most skilled assayers are employed, two separate assays being made of each bar, and if they disagree materially a third. After the deposit is assayed and paid for it becomes the property of the government.

The deposits are from time to time delivered to the melter and refiner. This officer, except in the case of deposits already refined, puts them through his acid refinery in large quantities, eliminating the base metals and producing fine gold and fine silver. This is either made up into bars and alloyed with copper and cast into ingots, which are bars about one foot long, four inches and a half inches wide, and a half inch thick, varying in breadth according to the coin which is to be cut.

A small portion is cut from the first and last ingots of each melt, which is sent to the assayer for the purpose of being assayed, and if he reports that they contain the proper proportion of the precious metals the ingots are delivered to the superintendent, who, in turn, delivers them to the coiner, whose business it is to convert the ingots into coin.

The operations of the coiner's department are somewhat more intricate, and comprise the reducing of the ingots to strips by passing them through what are known as "rolls" and "finishing" rolls. When the ingot has passed through the rolls, say eight or ten times, it is reduced to a strip about six times the length of the original ingot. These strips are then softened in large furnaces by heating and passed through what are known as draw-benches for the purpose of making them of uniform thickness.

After being thoroughly cleaned the strips are then run through cutting machines, which cut out the coins or "planchets" like small cakes, leaving the rest of the strips, called "clippings," which is turned back to the melter and refiner. The planchets are then weighed by ladies on very delicate balances, for the purpose of seeing whether they are of the right weight. If they are too heavy, but nearly the proper weight, a small portion is filed off. If they can not be reduced to the proper weight by filing they are discarded and remelted. The planchets, after being adjusted to the proper weight, are passed through large machines for the purpose of producing the raised edge which protects the face of the coin.

The planchets or blanks are then fed into large coining presses through an upright tube, at the bottom of which the coin is seized by a pair of steel feeders and carried between the dies, when the devices are impressed upon the collar of the die producing the milling.

These powerful presses, weighing several tons each, are made of solid steel and will strike from 80 to 100 coins per minute.

There is generally some loss in manipulating the precious metals, more in the melting and refining than in the coining. The law provides that a wastage, or loss, of the precious metals may be incurred by the melter and refiner, provided it is bona fide, not to exceed .001 of the whole amount of gold, and .001½ of the whole amount of silver, and that the coiner may have a wastage of .0005 of the whole amount of gold, and .001 of the whole amount of silver.

As a matter of practice the wastage in the mints amounts to little or nothing. There is generally a small wastage in the coiner's department, but the melter and refiner recovers many small quantities of gold and silver which are not charged to him, more than sufficient to make up the loss in the processes of manufacturing ingots and bars.

The sweepings of the floor are saved, and the amount of the precious metals which they contained ascertained and credited to the officer in whose department they belong. These sweepings are put into barrels and sold to private refiners who have facilities for working base stuff and who recover the precious metals. There is generally a loss to the government of about half the value of the precious metals contained in these sweeps.

During the year ended June 30, 1888, the total loss of the government by wastage and sale of sweeps amounted to $42,591.14, while the value of the grains and bullion recovered amounted to $56,329.23, so the government gained on the year's operation $13,738.09 Such is the care with which all the processes of treating precious metals are conducted that, although the bullion operated on by the various mints and departments during the year in question amounted to over $137,000,000, there was not only no loss, but a profit of some $13,000, aside from any matter of seigniorage.

THE COTTON SEED CROP.

A Wonderful History—The Worth of Cotton Seed.

Bankers' Monthly.

Was there ever such a history as that of the cotton seed? For seventy years despised as a nuisance, and burned or dumped as garbage, then discovered to be the very food for which the soil was hungering, and reluctantly admitted to the rank of utilities, shortly afterwards found to be nutritious food for beast as well as for soil, and thereupon treated with something like respect. Once admitted to the circle of farm industries, it was found to hold thirty-five gallons of pure oil to the ton, worth in its crude state $14 to the ton, or $40,000,000 for the whole crop of seed. But then a system was devised for refining the oil up to a value of $1 a gallon, and the frugal Italians placed a cask of it at the root of every olive tree and then defied the Borean breath of the Alps. And then experience showed that the ton of cotton seed was a better fertilizer and a better stock food when robbed of its thirty-five gallons of oil than before, and the hulls of the seeds made the best of fuel for feeding the oil mill engine, that the ashes of the hulls scooped from the engine's draught had the highest commercial value as potash, and that the "refuse" of the whole made the best and purest soap stock to carry to the toilet the perfumes of Lubin or Colgate.

ABSENTMINDEDNESS.

HERR Professor KNOELLING is so absent minded that he sent his visiting card to himself on his own birthday. As he read it he cried out gleefully, "Ah, ah, KNOELLING—he still remembers me."

THE UNTUTORED DAKOTAN

Proves to Be More Than a Match for the Dame From Beantown.

Washington Post.

"Of course," said the lady from Boston, "your rough western life, devoid of those refining influences which mold eastern character, marks its victims. One can detect the western man or woman at once by—well—by the absence of that nameless, subtle charm we call culture."

"Yes," returned her chance traveling companion, a bright Dakota girl; "we are deprived of many advantages, yet we are satisfied——"

"There's just the trouble, my dear; you're too well satisfied. Where ignorance is bliss—pardon me, but would you mind changing seats with me? This sun is unbearable. Ah, thanks. To one of my sensitive nature the saddest of all this is your very inability to appreciate your needs. This wasting of life and the comprehension of its higher purposes——"

"Still, we are not altogether without educational advantages," murmured the young lady. "Dakota has several churches and school houses, and most of the people have abandoned duguots for houses."

"Poor child," pityingly; "excuse me, dear; but would you mind Loretta's lying on your coat? She so dotes on soft fur. Thanks. Into what a flower of womanhood a girl like you would blossom under the refining environment that made me what I am! Embellished by that nameless grace of culture, shorn of those mannerisms which betray the early association of western ideas, toned in carriage, dress, and accent, you would compare with some of our belles. Here, porter, I ordered hot water, not tea. Another dereliction of that sort and I will report you."

"Perhaps, madame, you would enjoy a bit of chicken with your hot water," said the Dakota girl cordially, as she opened a generous lunch basket.

"Ah! thank you, dear. No; a bit of the breast, please. The dark meat is less delicate. Not any of the tongue. It hasn't quite the right color. Yes; thanks, the white grapes are nice. No, no; not any jelly. Why, we Boston people regard jelly eaters as relics of the dark ages. What, pie! how very horrible! What would my mother say? Her daughter eating pie in a common coach with a strange young person! Well, it doesn't taste bad. Doughnuts! Merciful child! Doughnuts and chicken! There, I'll take it to please you! How do you people keep your health on such a menu daily?"

"Then we sometimes," admitted the Dakota girl, with just the suggestion of a smile—"we sometimes have baked pork and beans Saturday nights—"

"Baked beans?" gasped the Boston woman. "Why, when, where, how did you learn to eat baked pork and beans Saturday nights? Where were you born? Where are you going?"

"To Boston, madam. I'm returning to finish my musical education. I was born and brought up there. Like most Dakota people, I'm from the South."

"I presume now," continued the Dakota girl, mildly, "it wouldn't be the correct thing for me to say it was lack of good breeding that prompted you to score me on any supposed ignorance, take half my seat for your traps, order my window closed, and take my place to get out of the sun? I suppose it was that subtle something you so previously mentioned, that enabled you to use my coat for a dog cushion. It was culture that induced you to threaten the porter for a trivial oversight, and to make that poor woman wretched because her baby cried. It was Boston finish and æsthetic delicacy that induced you to abuse my luncheon and eat the best of it. We of the West do not consider intelligence restricted by geographical lines, or courtesy and common sense a local question."

And there was silence in that car for the space of an hour.

NATIVE AUSTRALIANS.

A Degraded Race Which Civilization Is Rapidly Wiping Out.

In the magnificent city of Melbourne, Australia, there lives a "prince" named Berak, who is the last surviving son of the Australian chieftain Yarra-Yarra, who once possessed the land upon which Melbourne and its environs stand. Berak does not now live in princely style. His badly worn clothes are the gifts of benevolent persons, and he lodges and subsists upon charity. He can hardly be called a beggar, says the *Youth's Companion*, for he never asks for anything; but if a bit of silver is slipped into his hand to buy tobacco with, he accepts it with thanks.

For all his poverty, Berak is said to be a fine-looking man. He is about 65 years old, quite tall, a little under the medium weight, white-bearded and straight-haired. He has a fine forehead, a Grecian nose, large, mild, and expressive eyes and thin lips. When he smiles, as he often does, he shows all his 32 teeth, still perfectly whole, white and shapely.

Berak, who takes his own reduced circumstances and the decline of his race quite philosophically, is fond of telling the story of his people, the Australian native.

Before the arrival of the English, these people had neither cattle, horses, sheep, or hens. They did not cultivate the ground, and lived wholly by hunting and fishing. Their chief game was the kangaroo, the small Australian bear, parquets of various kinds, a sort of wild duck or pigeon, and the black swan—for in Australia the blacks are black. Birds are white and the swans black. The natives fish neither with the hook nor with the net, but lance both fish and eels.

Berak acknowledges freely that his ancestors were cannibals; he even remembers taking part in a cannibal feast in his own childhood. But his people, he says, never ate the flesh of the Englishmen; "it is the Englishmen who have eaten Berak!"

The native Australians were cruel in their punishments. Great criminals were beaten to death with clubs in the presence of the tribes. At the same time, they were not without kind feelings. When, upon the march, an old and feeble man has fallen out of the line, it was their custom to send back two or three stalwart warriors to guard and assist him.

Such of the native Australians as still survive in a savage state possess many peculiar customs. Strangers, meeting, must remain some time silent, and if they become good friends they signify it by exchanging names. The name, they think, is a part of the man himself, and to possess it gives a power for evil, so that it should be known only to friends.

Although the Australians are not, as a rule, polygamists, they hold that women should be kept in subjection, and cut off the last joint of the little finger of females as a sign of their subordination. The men undergo a still more remarkable mutilation as a sign of their subjection to their chiefs; they have their teeth knocked out by their "koradger men," or priests. Berak, being a chief by birth, escaped this ceremony.

Hagarth, a traveler who has described the ways of the Australians, writes of a semi-domesticated native, who said to him one day, with a look of importance, that he must go away for a few days, as he had grown up to man's estate, and "it was high time that he should have his teeth knocked out."

The Australians have long been regarded as one of the most degraded of races, but they possessed, at least when first visited by Europeans, many excellent and friendly qualities. They have diminished until they now number only about 75,000, and no doubt will before many generations completely disappear, as the natives of Tasmania have already done.

An Extravagant Child.

Woman (to dog)—"Has Fido lost his collar? Well, Fido shall have another collar, so he shall, and to-day, too."

Nurse (entering)—"Mrs. De Courcey, little Gracie needs some new shoes very much."

Woman—"For the land's sake! that child will have to stay in the house. I can't buy shoes for her every six months."—*Judge.*

What You Need Spring and Fall

WHEN you feel "all run down" is **Ayer's Sarsaparilla.** For restoring strength after sickness, or toning up the system at any time, this is the medicine of all others. Don't waste time and money on worthless compounds, whatever their pretensions; but remember that Ayer's has been the standard Sarsaparilla for nearly half a century and has no equal.

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With Mr. D. R. LOCKE's splendid story, "The Demagogue," now running; with Prof. EBERS's Biblical story of "Joshua," just begun; and with Mr. KNOX's "Teetotaller Dick" in anticipation, not one subscriber whose time expires this fall should fail to renew. At the low price of only a dollar for so good a paper as THE BLADE, it is a sin to let it stop. On the contrary, every one should not only renew his subscription, but should send one or more new subscribers at the same time.

You will find it extremely easy to do this. Send for our special terms to agents, and raise us a club. We will pay you *big money* for it. Read the announcement elsewhere in this page, entitled, "Raise Clubs," and send for our confidential terms to agents. As an aid in raising it, send us the names of persons whom you think may be brought to subscribe, and we will send each one a sample copy of THE BLADE containing the opening chapters of "Teetotaller Dick." And, furthermore, *don't fail* to renew your subscriptions.

THE INCREASE IN THE CRIMINAL AND DEFECTIVE CLASSES DUE TO RUM.

It is a well-known fact, and one that gives concern to all far-seeing citizens, that there is a too rapid increase in the number of the criminal, the insane or idiotic, and the otherwise defective classes in this country. The fact is proved that their total number increases more rapidly in proportion than the inhabitants of the United States; the ratio of the total of these three classes of defective ones to the total population shows a steady and alarming increase, which can not, of course, be due to the natural increase of the population. And it is an admitted fact, on the part of specialists in mental diseases, that this cause is Rum. It is to intemperance that this condition of things is due.

It is also admitted that three-fourths of the crime in this country is the direct or indirect result of indulgence in intoxicating liquors, and that at least three-fourths of the total cost of the ponderous police and criminal court machinery, of the prisons and workhouses and penitentiaries, are directly chargeable to the account of Rum.

Nor does there seem to be any reasonable doubt that the same proportion of the total number of cases of insanity in the country are due to the same cause. The percentages given by the various investigators, in different asylums, vary from 50 per cent—one-half—to 90 per cent! We therefore take 75 per cent—three-fourths—as a fair average of the percentages given by those various authorities. It is not meant that in all these cases the insanity results directly from the effects of Rum-drinking on the part of the patient himself, though the cases where this is true are many, and every superintendent of an insane asylum can point out a large number of cases of insanity from drink among his patients. These percentages include persons driven insane through the intemperance of others—such as those whose minds have been unbalanced by grief, or loss of fortune or of social position—as in the case of the wives of drunkards; and the victims of a thousand other proximate causes, which in turn have their origin in the use of Rum.

The influence of heredity steadily works to increase the number of insane and idiotic. It ought to be plain to every thinking person that a man whose physical system is soaked and permeated with Rum, every organ of his body being more or less unfavorably influenced by the poison of alcohol, its destructive presence constant in blood, and brain, and nerves, cannot transmit to his children sound, strong constitutions. Idiocy and insanity frequently appear in such children; or if they be escaped, the malign influence of Rum upon the parent is seen in epilepsy, or melancholia, or a long train of obscure and intractable nervous diseases, are liable to be the inherited result; or the child may be a cripple, or may be born deaf and dumb. Moreover, where the children of a drunkard are apparently healthy, that mysterious law of heredity, by which a hereditary curse skips over one generation to reappear in the second, often comes into play; and though the children of a sot may escape, their own children pay the awful penalty of the grandfather's slavery to the Rum habit.

The net result of all these influences—the direct and indirect results of Rum—is seen in this too rapid increase in the numbers of criminals, of the insane, idiotic, epileptic, deaf and dumb, and other defective and dependent classes, who, being incapable of maintaining themselves, become a charge upon the state; and year by year, as their numbers steadily increase, the burden of their maintenance becomes heavier and heavier upon the tax-payers. Our prisons are enlarged to find more room for the increased number of criminals; our asylums and hospitals are added to, that room may be made for the unfortunates to need their shelter; our poor-houses are crowded with the homeless and helpless; and Rum is the *fons et origo mali*—the great cause of the state's being compelled to imprison or shelter fully three-fourths of the sum total of all these people.

As the system by which these classes are supported divides the statistics up so completely that the average citizen is, as a rule, in entire ignorance of the enormous total of the burden thus thrown upon the states, and borne by the tax-payers, we will, leaving the moral side of the question entirely out of the discussion, look upon the pecuniary side, and find out approximately the indirect cost of Rum to the people—for the expenditures under this head are not a part of the enormous direct annual drink bill of the nation.

By the census of 1880, there were 450,000 insane, idiotic, deaf, blind, pauper and criminal persons in the entire country. Three-fourths of this is 337,000. These cannot cost the people less than $175 a year each, on an average. This gives a total cost of almost $60,000,000 a year—over $1 each for every man, woman and child in the country at that time! And the census of next year will doubtless show that this tax is now much heavier than it was nine years ago.

What principal does this annual expenditure represent, to use a common method among business men? It would require a principal of $2,000,000,000, at 3 per cent, to bring an annual income of $60,000,000. This sum is greater than the national debt. In point of fact, if government bonds all bore 3 per cent interest, it would require almost twice the present debt to bring a yearly income equal to the cost of supporting that portion of our criminal and defective classes whose condition is due, directly or indirectly, to Rum.

The total investment by our railway companies, at the time of the census of 1880—including all the lines in the country, their equipment, etc.—was $5,182,445,806. Our investment in crime, poverty and disease, due to Rum, was then about half that in railroads—leaving out of the account the first cost of prisons, penitentiaries, hospitals, asylums, etc., the annual repairs, and the interest on these sums.

In 1880, the yearly product of all our manufacturing interests was $5,369,570,291. Our permanent investment to care for the victims of Rum is nearly half of this. The total annual value of farm products in 1880 was $2,447,538,658. It would take a fund equal to this, invested at 3 per cent, to produce enough interest to care for our criminal and defective classes, made such through Rum.

We might add examples, but these will suffice. They show that the indirect burden of Rum is appalling in its magnitude; while the direct burden is enormous. Both are increasing, and more rapidly than the population of the country. Is it not time to call a halt? Shall we not set bounds to this increase? There is but one way to do this, and that is to stop the Rum traffic. Prohibit the manufacture and sale, and thus stop the manufacture of drunkards, and lunatics, and idiots, and criminals. All that is needed is that the people shall be made to realize the fearful burden it lays upon them. They will unite in one great and successful effort to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

OUR BIBLICAL STORY.

On the first page of to-day's issue we give the opening chapters of "Joshua," the new Biblical serial by Prof. EBERS, the famous Egyptologist. It opens with a picture of the departure of the children of Israel from Egypt, during the slaying of the first-born, and will be of the greatest interest to all religious readers. The references to the Egyptian religious service and belief are absolutely correct, as Prof. EBERS is high authority on such subjects.

THE recent decision of United States Judge LOVE, at Council Bluffs, is a most important one, and will have the effect to check the further construction of "grasshopper" railroads for purely speculative purposes, through regions that will not afford sufficient traffic to render the line remunerative. The court declared that a railway company has no right to abandon a line because it is non-paying; that a railroad, being a public conveyance and carrier, has certain obligations to the people it may not be allowed to avoid fulfilling. It declared that the right to build a line through farms and private property involves the duty of providing transportation, which duty is a permanent one, and must be performed, whether profitable or not; and that a court has no right to deprive the people of the transportation afforded, simply on the showing that the railway does not pay expenses. When this happens it is a misfortune, but not a legal reason for abandonment. If the road has made a bad bargain, it must abide by it. The decision will create much discussion, for it is the most important one to railways enunciated for many years.

THE Washington *Post* is out in a series of damaging charges against the Civil Service commission as it was constituted under Mr. CLEVELAND. It charges that, while LYMAN and OBERLY were "running the commission," examination questions were stolen and probably sold; that this was traced to one of the clerks; that the matter was brought to CLEVELAND'S notice, but hushed up for reasons personal to LYMAN; that the suspected clerk was promoted to a higher position, at a better salary, without examination, by LYMAN, when he was the only commissioner in charge; and that the commission has been manipulated in the interest of "favored friends of the commissioners;" to all of which it challenges denial. It is to be remembered that Mr. FRANK HATTON, editor of the *Post*, is a bitter opponent of civil service reform. But wrong-doing on the part of the men charged with the execution of a good law is hardly a condemnation of the law itself.

GOVERNOR ROBINSON, in his speech before the Massachusetts Republican convention, made the following common-sense remarks upon the encouragement of our shipping trade by paying proper compensation for mail service to American steamer lines:

> With the paltry compensation we offer for the carriage of our mails to other countries by American steamships, there can be no successful competition. We liberally encourage the ocean commerce of the great rivers that span the continent, we spend millions annually in the general improvement of the rivers and harbors, we prosecute a grand plan for the correction, deepening and improvement of the Mississippi river, we do all these things and much more to bring our vast products from every part of the land to the seaboard, and then we calmly wait for foreign ships to do our work when it will not damage the interests of the governments that support them, and we submit to the humiliation that we have brought upon ourselves. There is no part of our country that is not vitally interested in the inauguration and maintenance of a totally different policy. Until that shall be adopted we may hope in vain for a revival of American shipbuilding and for ready and profitable trade on a fair footing with our foreign rivals.

THERE has been a sharp advance in the prices of iron and steel within the past week, which is a sure sign that the depression of the past fifteen months in that gigantic industry is passing away. There is now not only a large and increasing demand for iron and steel in the United States, but there has been a decided rise in prices in England, which, of course, aids in the rise here. The demand here is not on account of any increase in railway building, for the construction this year has been smaller than for several years; but to the rapidly increasing use of iron and steel for structural purposes. It is a cheering fact that the prosperity of our iron trade no longer depends on railway construction.

THE "third-term" cry is one of the silliest ever suggested in an Ohio campaign. The gubernatorial term in Ohio is but two years, and three terms make but six years—not as long as two Presidential terms. And it is well to remember that in the following states the term of the governor is four years, and re-elections are frequent—two terms in any of these states being equal to four in Ohio:

California,	Missouri,
Delaware,	North Carolina,
Florida,	Oregon,
Kentucky,	Pennsylvania,
Louisiana,	West Virginia,
Mississippi.	

THE elections on Sunday in France, in the districts in which there failed to be an election two weeks ago, no candidate having a constitutional majority, resulted in a sweeping victory for the Republicans. They carried something like two-thirds of the 183 districts which held second elections. Boulangism appears to have received its death-blow, and "le brav general," who went up like a rocket, now drops like the stick.

THE Republican triumph in the Northwest adds vim and vigor to the Republicans in the state campaigns in Ohio, Virginia and other states.

THE CONGRESS OF AMERICAN NATIONS.

The meeting of representatives of the United States and of the countries of this continent to the south of us, at Washington, may well be regarded as a most important international event. It will be remembered that, when Mr. BLAINE formerly occupied the position of secretary of State, during the lamented GARFIELD'S brief term, he projected such a congress, which would assuredly have then been held, had not the bullet of the assassin led to a change in the administration, and to Mr. BLAINE'S retirement. It is the project of a sagacious, far-seeing statesman, and should result in largely increasing the commerce of the United States with Mexico and the countries of Central and South America.

It must, of course, be understood that the powers of this body is merely advisory. Should a line of policy be adopted by it for closer trade relations between the nations to the south of us and ourselves, it will not be binding upon any one of the powers. The results of the congress will be submitted to the various governments, and it will lie with the legislative bodies thereof to decide whether these recommendations, or any portions of them, shall be enacted into law, and thus be made operative. It is felt, however, that the deliberate conclusions of this body will have great weight with the governments participating, and there is but little doubt but that they will formulate into law the main conclusions at which it shall arrive.

So far as the United States is concerned, what is hoped for is a sufficient expansion of our export trade to the other countries of "the three Americas"—North, Central and South America—as will at least counterbalance our imports thence. At present, the countries of Central and South America obtain 89 per cent of their imports from Europe, and only 11 per cent from us. On the other hand, we import $18 worth from them for every $7 worth they buy from us. We take coffee and sugar from Brazil, wool and hides from the republics to the south of that country, and minor products from all the others; we are the largest single customer those nations have; yet some of them levy an export tax on everything we buy of them, and they take so little from us that it requires annually the shipment of over $100,000,000 of gold to Europe to balance our account. We owe them the money; they buy more than they sell to Europe, and our gold goes to Europe, liquidating our debt to them and theirs to European nations, at the same time. If better trade relations will stop this drain by causing them to buy of us as much, at least, as we buy of them, this enormous drain can be stopped. Certainly it is to the interest of the United States to have this congress held.

Nor must it be supposed for a moment that there are no reciprocal advantages to be reaped by our Southern neighbors. The French invasion of Mexico during our civil war points the moral to them. When this country was torn by civil strife, France saw her opportunity. She found a pretext to meddle in Mexican affairs—which she would not have done had we been at peace; she landed an army, conquered the country, and set up the puppet MAXIMILIAN as Emperor. No sooner was the rebellion crushed than we prepared to enforce the Monroe doctrine. An army corps was sent to Texas under SHERIDAN; and had France hesitated to withdraw her troops, they would have been driven out by our armies. The Mexicans, as soon as the French left their shores, rose against the usurping Emperor and re-established the republic.

The maintenance of the Monroe doctrine by the United States is the only assurance of safety to every nation to the south of us. Were we to definitely abandon it, the experience of Mexico with France would be repeated in every one of them by some one or more of the powers of Europe. Thus made secure behind the power of the Great Republic, the other nations of the three Americas can well afford to cordially enter into trade relations to cement and perpetuate the good-will existing between them and us, and render themselves, at the same time, far less dependent upon European countries, which can only be regarded as enemies politically. Every patriotic citizen of this continent must hope for harmony and success in the deliberations of the congress of American nations.

THE BLADE COOK STOVE.

Since the publication of our advertisement of the Blade cook-stove, we have been inundated with letters asking additional information. The stove is a No 8—the ordinary family size. The cut gives a good idea of its appearance. Such a stove usually retails at from $16 to $20. This is a *good* stove, well made, of good material and latest design; very convenient in all its parts; handsomely finished; burns wood or coal. No one need be afraid to order for fear the stove is but a catchpenny affair; THE BLADE can not afford to send out an article not as good as represented. It is as good a stove, in all respects, as you can buy anywhere at retail, for 50 per cent more than we ask for it.

Quite a number have written to ask for No. 9, a size larger than the above stove. We have arranged to do this: We will give a No. 9 stove with THE BLADE one year for $16; or the stove free for 30 yearly subscribers and $30.

The No. 8 stove takes about 16-inch wood; the No. 9, 18-inch wood. No. 8 has an 18-inch oven; No. 9, a 20-inch oven. We furnish no cooking utensils nor pipe with the stove. We will supply a hot-water reservoir for either No. 8 or No. 9 for $6 *additional*. It is on the rear of the stove, directly under the shelf shown in the illustration. For $3 additional we will furnish a tin warming-closet for either sized stove.

Parties ordering stoves should be particular to state whether they wish to use wood or coal, as we send the grates for either, but not for both. If the fuel is not named, we always send a coal burner. Of course, wood can be burned in it, but it is better to have the wood-grate in. If ordered afterward, it will cost 75 cents and the freight.

Don't hesitate to accept our cook-stove offer. You will find it all we have represented it to be.

OUR foreign trade statistics for the month of August make an extremely favorable showing. The total value of breadstuffs, provisions, cattle, petroleum and cotton exported was no less than $37,217,377, an increase over that of August, 1888, of more than $8,000,000. The aggregate value of all exports for that month will probably prove to be about $59,000,000. This is the largest outward movement since August, 1883. A surprising feature of the exhibit is the remarkably large increase in exports of provisions and cattle. Such an expansion of exports, however, would seem to be necessary for a healthy condition of trade, if imports are to continue as they have been. It is quite likely that imports for August of this year were fully seventy million dollars, so that the excess of imports over exports for that month was about as large as it was in August, 1888.

THE temper of the people of the United States will not be likely to stand much foolishness on the part of the Democrats in the House of Representatives in the way of obstructing legislation. The men most active in it will fall under the ban of public condemnation.

RAISE CLUBS!

We are now prepared to offer greater inducements to persons raising clubs than ever before. We not only offer greater inducements than we have ever previously, but one that has a good deal of money for those who will get up clubs. Read the following offers:

For a club of 10 subscribers, at $1 each, we will give a Trenton Watch, worth $5—a *guaranteed watch*.

For a club of 15 subscribers, at $1 each, a china tea set.

For a club of 20 subscribers, at $1 each, a china chamber set, or a Blade cook stove.

The tea set, chamber set and cook stove are the same that have already been described in our columns.

But better than any of the above is our *cash payment* for a club, as set forth in confidential printed instructions which we mail to any one on application. This offers the largest price ever paid for clubs by any paper in the world, either this year or in years gone by.

We want *thousands* of persons to undertake the work of raising clubs for THE BLADE during this month, November, December and January. It will pay any one to write for our terms.

As an aid in raising clubs, if you will send a list of persons who do not take THE BLADE, we will mail each one a sample copy of the paper containing the first installment of Mr. KNOX's new story, announced elsewhere. Address "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

PAYNE TO BE "VINDICATED."

Democrats on the inside of the party machine at Columbus insist that the real object of the campaign is to obtain control of the General Assembly, and re-elect PAYNE to the United States Senate, as a "vindication." The Columbus correspondent of the New York *Times* says:

> It is generally conceded that the control of the legislature is one of the objective points of the Democrats. To carry Hamilton county, thereby securing that delegation, would probably secure them the coveted prize. Mr. Payne is causing considerable embarrassment. The controlling faction is managing and directing the campaign for Mr. Campbell, and whose candidate he is, are the firm and tried friends of Senator Payne, and will be the last to deny the old gentleman that which he earnestly desires—a complete vindication.

This will never be secured nor can it be obtained in any other way than by a reelection. It is not necessary to say that the Democratic managers are using every endeavor to keep Mr. Payne in the background, and, with this end in view, it has been agreed that statesmen in every section of the state, should be referred to as available candidates for the senatorship in the event of Democratic success.

The vindictive campaign of mud-slinging that the Democrats have opened in Hamilton county gives color to the first statements of the above, if any additional proof were needed. The Cincinnati gang is desperate, and will stop at nothing to compass its ends. Of course, PAYNE would, if re-elected, promptly resign, and allow the legislature to choose another senator; and if the gang wins, that man would probably be MCLEAN.

THE outcome of the New York Democratic state convention is significant only as marking the complete control Governor D. B. HILL has over the party in that state. The candidates for Attorney General and State Comptroller were nominated against the protests of both the Tammany and the County Democratic factions of New York city, at the dictation of HILL, who in turn obeyed the behests of the liquor interest, of which he is the servant. In fact, he makes no secret of it, and is reported as having said that in a political campaign, he would sooner have the support of the saloons than of the churches. The Republicans of the Empire State should bestir themselves to overthrow this combination of unworthy elements.

"TEETOTALLER DICK."

Read the announcement elsewhere on this page of Col. KNOX's new story, and then do us the favor to sit down and send us the names and postoffice addresses of your friends and neighbors, not subscribers to THE BLADE, whom you think would like to read the story, or to have their girls and boys read it. You can easily get ten names and addresses on a postal card. Please do it at once, so that we may send them sample copies of THE BLADE, containing the announcement, immediately.

PUBLIC sentiment is being educated on the liquor question. The belief is gaining strength that if the saloons are not restricted, they will themselves restrict everything else. It is a hopeful sign that the Catholic church is waking up to a realization of the danger that threatens the people from saloon domination. The *Catholic Universe*, of Cleveland, the official organ of the diocese, says:

> The saloon at night is the panderer of ninety-nine hundredths of the crime and vice of a large city. Close the saloon at night! Let the City of Mexico plan be followed in our large cities—6 a. m. to 6 p. m.—and give the father and husband an opportunity to make the acquaintance of his family. The saloonist ought to himself work for the opportunity and make his calling more respectable and less odious. Draft a bill closing saloons from 6 p. m. to 6 a. m. with imprisonment and penalty that will dismay offenders; closing saloons on Sunday; making the license no less than $1,000; punishing with imprisonment and fine the adulteration of liquor or the sale of adulterated liquor. Then organize your committees; go to Columbus and push this legislation. Let bishops, priests and ministers throw their oped influence into the scale of the moral movement.

THE grim reaper has been busy among the Representatives-elect to the Fifty-first Congress since their election last November, no less than five having died within that time, viz: Messrs. BURNES, of Missouri; TOWNSHEND, of Illinois; GAY, of Louisiana; LAIRD, of Nebraska, and COX, of New York. All were Democrats except Mr. LAIRD. Democrats have been elected to succeed three of them, and a Republican will undoubtedly be chosen to fill Mr. LAIRD'S vacancy, while a Democrat will take the place of Mr. COX, the district having 6,000 Democratic majority. The election of a successor to Mr. LAIRD will be held in November. Representative NUTTING, Republican, of New York, who has has been very ill for several months, is understood to have notified his friends that he proposes to resign, so that the election of his successor can be held before Congress reassembles. His district is Republican by 10,000 majority.

THE Chicago *Inter-Ocean* succinctly states the case regarding CAMPBELL'S ballot-box speculation, as follows:

> Candidate Campbell, in Ohio, is posing as an enemy of trusts, and yet when in Congress, this same Candidate Campbell introduced a bill providing for an order for 72,000 ballot boxes to "preserve the purity of elections," at $25 per box. The contract was to be given to a company with that sainted ballot-box guardian, John R. McLean, at the head and Candidate Campbell one of the stockholders. Candidate Campbell is not opposed to ballot-box trusts. Neither is Allen O. Myers.

IT is the opinion that the result of the recent French elections will be to give France a more stable government than she has had since 1870. The Republic has already lasted longer than any other form of government that has existed in that country for a century, and it is a hopeful sign that the outlook is so favorable for its continuance.

THE Democratic "rainbow," that Washington would vote with their party, has faded, and left only the black cloud of defeat before the disgusted Bourbons' vision.

FOR OUR AMERICAN GUESTS TO READ.

We sometimes do well to go out of town to get the news of most interest at home. In a late number of the *Revue Francaise de l'Etranger, et des Colonies, et Gazette Geographique*, is a contribution by Mons. MARBEAU, in which he reviews the records of the United States, and of some states in Europe. "The American nation," he says, "is destined to take, sooner than is generally supposed, the first place among the states of the globe. It is only necessary to glance over the statistics to see that the progressive advance of the United States threatens Europe with a competition, such as there will forcedly come a moment in which the axis of industrial powers, human activity and political influence, will shift to the profit of the New World."

He claims that it would all be up with Europe to-day, if it were not that the continent of Africa shows an outlet for an increase of its commerce, and an expansion of colonial emigration. He bases his articles upon statistics of M. PAUL BARRE, whose figures are used below. He comments that "M. BARRE sends us the result of some conscientious researches that he has made into valuable statistics. We publish them in the hope that they will facilitate the task of those who are attempting to enlighten public opinion upon the peril that Europe is running, and to draw it into that movement of expansion which is the condition of safety."

He goes on to show that the United States of America has, since the Declaration of Independence in 1776, extended her area about four-fold, and that, together with Alaska, has more territory than all the continent of Europe. That it now has developed forty-two states, six territories and one Federal district, with a population, by his estimate, of 62,000,000. In 1790, we had less than four millions, and he thinks that in one century, the ratio will be as 1 to 15.5 between 1790 and 1890 in numbers. Whilst England has increased during the past fifty years 10,000,000, Germany 16,000,000 and France 5,000,000, the United States has increased 37,000,000. "If this ascending advance continues, and there is every evidence that it will, the United States, in fifty years, will have more than 200,000,000, and in 70 years will become as populous as Europe." He then goes on:

> Four-fifths of the present population consists of Americans of English origin, the other fifth consists chiefly of Germans, more than three millions of whom have arrived within the 40 years between 1840 and 1880. (Of course when he says "English origin" he includes those from Ireland, or, as we would say, of "British origin.") Countries other than England and Germany have furnished but little to immigration, so that the French, Italians, Spanish, etc., who have taken up their abode in the United States, are swallowed up in the immense mass of Anglo-Germans. All told, we will have received, through immigration, by 1830, about 14,000,000 within the century.

FINANCIAL CONDITION.

In 1850 the fortune of the United States was $8,430,000,000, while that of Great Britain was $22,500,000,000. Thirty years have sufficed to change these figures. In 1884 the fortune of Great Britain was estimated at $45,000,000,000, and that of the United States at $55,000,000,000, in which the American manufacturers represent a value of $5,000,000,000, say about one half of all the European manufactures combined—that is $13,000,000,000. If we admit that the fortune of Europe is about $40,000,000,000, and that of Germany $25,000,000,000, it will be seen that the United States is at present the richest country in the entire world.

NATIONAL DEBTS AND INTEREST ACCOUNT.

Despite the immense sacrifices made during the war of the rebellion, the United States are in the most prosperous financial condition of any country in the world. While in ten years they have paid off $530,000,000 of their debt, and in another decade will have entirely wiped it out, the different states of Europe still owe $223,000,000 sterling. The interest on this enabling debt is annually figured at from $800,000,000 to $1,000,000,000, to be raised from the labor of European nations.

To emphasize the situation, he continues urther:

ENGLAND AND FRANCE

> Annually pay $315,000,000 for the interest on their debt, and $340,000,000 for their army and navy. They keep 730,000 available men in the service; and, estimating the possible work of each at but $100 per year, that represents a further cold loss of $73,000,000; so that it is impossible to estimate their annual charges resulting from the debt and the army and navy at less than $830,000,000.

Furthermore, counting per head, we find that the French and English systems cost $12.75 per inhabitant, or $63.75 per family of five persons; while the expense in the United States is $2.50 per head, or $12.50 per family. Let us add that the United States might much more easily support the overwhelming burden that weighs upon the English and French taxpayers, who are oppressed besides by local charges.

He predicts a rapid decadence for Europe in consequence of these conditions, unless some way be found to change them; and the author cannot observe such a contingency. The military system itself is one element of national weakness, because it expels young men ambitious for commercial enterprise.

He therefore concludes this subject by the statement that, in his opinion, "were the people of Europe deliberately trying to ruin themselves to America's profit, they would not act otherwise than they are now doing." M. MARBEAU goes into an exhaustive resume as to the cost of army and navy in different European countries and the United States, upon the basis of 27,000 men in our army. He shows by statistics our commerce, merchant marine and ways of communication by rail and water, and compares the mileage of each with Europe and Russia. Interstate commerce with us is beyond compare with that of any other state, and soon we will have more railroads than all the rest of the entire world. The same is true as to telegraph and postoffice stations.

To show the astonishing progress that a few years make with us, he quotes statistics as to a few staples covering a period from 1866 to 1886:

	1866.	1886.
Gold & silver.$	63,500,000 $	83,500,000
Sugar, lbs.....	20,000,000	286,000,000
Cotton, lbs....	1,000,000,000	3,182,000,000
Wheat, bu.....	212,000,000	357,000,000
Corn, bu.....	786,000,000	1,936,000,000
Petrol'm, gals.	132,000,000	943,000,000

In summing up his essay of over two columns in length, he concludes:

> Such prosperity, astonishing as it may seem at first sight, is quite easily explained. When we study a map of the United States, and see this country, with soil so rich and fertile, watered by immense rivers, and containing (aside from the Alleghany and Rocky ranges) but few mountains, we see very clearly it had been called upon some day or other, seeing the great facility of communication, to receive a very dense population.
>
> Not having, in any way, had to take the past into consideration, the American colonists, recruited from amongst the most enterprising and courageous Europeans, have no, like European nations, had race struggles to encounter in order to establish themselves in other new territories. They had the fortune not to meet with dangerous neighbors, ready to disturb their life of activity and labor. War is almost unknown to them. So the future has responded to their first expectations and every one is obliged to recognize to-day, that it is necessary to count with the United States, not for a struggle with arms, but for a graver one—the commercial and maritime one, the struggle of labor.

Whilst this savant finds us without an army or navy of account, he alludes to the historic fact that during the war of the rebellion, a quarter of a century ago, when we had but little over one-half of the population we now have, the North put into the field over two million well equipped men, and 626 war vessels, manned with sailors and marines, and filled with supplies of the best quality, guns, ammunition and accoutrements—all of our own make.

THE delegates to the congress of the three Americas are traveling over the United States, as the guests of the government, to become acquainted with our industries and the varied springs of our national greatness. They will take home with them far broader ideas of the great republic than they ever before entertained.

EVEN if Montana elects a Democratic governor and narrow majority in the legislature, the result on Representative shows that she is Republican on national issues, and in 1892 she will cast her electoral vote for the Republican Presidential candidate.

WOOLS AND THE WOOL TARIFF.

The efforts of the free traders in this country to insert the thin edge of the wedge that was to split the protectionist ranks, by fomenting a division between the flockmasters and the wool manufacturers, has come to naught. The demand of a few New England woolen mills for "free wool" has been considered by the Wool Manufacturers' association, which adopted resolutions explicitly disclaiming any demand for lower rates of duty on wool, and insisting that in the tariff revision of 1883 there was not adequate consideration given to the finished products. These resolutions also object to an increase of the duty on carpet wools; approve the administrative sections of the Senate tariff bill of last winter, and also the just and equitable rulings of the Treasury department in relation to worsted goods.

In point of fact, instead of antagonizing each other, the wool-raisers and wool-manufacturers are working together, and there is a prospect that their joint efforts will bring about a renewal of the wool duties of the tariff of 1867, which were so unfortunately modified in 1883. The flockmasters suffered by that action, but the manufacturers seem disposed to join hands with them and work for the restoration of the better schedule of 1867 at the coming session of Congress. Such action is desired by every fulelligent protectionist. It made the interests of the farming and the manufacturing interests identical as to this great industry, and insured the tariff against the attacks of its free trade enemies.

As to the resolution of the Manufacturers' association against a higher duty on carpet wools, a word of explanation may be necessary. From a true protectionist standpoint, duties are not needed on things which we cannot produce. A "tariff for revenue" might do this; but it is the theory of protection that a tariff which shall equalize the cost of production between this country and any foreign land is needed on all things that we produce or manufacture, but not on things we can not produce, and the plea is made by some of the free traders that the duty on carpet wools, low as it is, should be abolished, on the ground that there is a broad distinction to be made between carpet wools and those used in the manufacture of clothing. The latter wools we can and do raise, and that profitably; and we must raise them if we are to be industrially independent of foreign countries. But "carpet wools"—that is, those meant by the tariff law—are declared by them to be coarse, hard wools, from inferior and half-wild breeds of sheep, such as are raised in barbarous and semi-barbarous countries, where sheep-raising is rudely and cheaply carried on. The plea is made that land is too valuable here for the farmer to raise these coarse wools.

Hence it would seem that there is no good reason why there should be any increase of duty on "carpet wools." There would not be, if the intent of the law could be carried out. But there are some facts that need the careful attention of those interested in this question. For instance, the carpet mills of this country had, in the year 1886, a capacity of only 60,000,000 pounds per year. In 1886 we produced 24,000,000 pounds in the United States, and imported 79,716,952 pounds, on which the duty was 2½ to 5 cents, according as the value was 12 cents a pound or less, where it was purchased for import. There is a total of about 105,000,000 pounds imported that year as "carpet wool; yet we could only use 60,000,000 pounds, if all our carpet mills run steadily the whole time! What was done with the 45,000,000 pounds surplus? We find the following complete and comprehensive answer in the Cleveland *Leader*:

> From 40,000,000 to 50,000,000 pounds of so-called "carpet-wools" are annually imported and made into cloths and other fabrics, taking the place of domestic grown wool. This wool is not carpet wool in the sense intended by Congress when the wool tariff schedule was adopted. It is wool that ought to pay nearly as much duty as the clothing wools, for it is used for making all except the finer grades of cloth. In the past ten years the importations of "carpet wool" have increased more than 200 per cent, while the imports of clothing and combing wools have largely decreased. By evasions of the tariff law from 40,000,000 to 50,000,000 pounds of clothing wool are annually imported at 2½ to 5 cents a pound duty, while the law provides that clothing wool shall 10 to 12 cents a pound. Here, then, is the weak point in the wool tariff schedule—the point that needs strengthening in order that the wool tariff as a whole may be made protective, as it was intended to be.
>
> One method of entering clothing wools as "carpet wool" is as follows: In Australia and South America the fleeces are "skirted" for export to the United States. As all acquainted with the subject know, the best and finest part of every fleece is that which grows along the spine from neck to rump and half way down the sides. That part of the fleece of a coarse wool sheep will correspond closely in fineness and value with the average by the whole fleece of a sheep of much finer grade. In Australia and South America exporters buy all the wool from millions of sheep at say 10 cents a pound, before it is sheared. When the shearing is done the wool from the back sides is first cut off and separated for export to this country, while the "skirts," the wool from the neck, belly, and breech, is put into another pile for export to England or some other free trade country. The importers to this country are able to swear that the wool only cost 10 cents a pound and enter it at 2½ cents a pound duty, but the whole scheme is so fraudulent that all such wool might well be subjected to double duty on the ground of fraud, as the law provides. Legislation on this point is, however, necessary to insure uniform Treasury rulings.
>
> Hence it is plain that there is a systematized scheme in active operation of introducing wool that can be and is used for clothing at the nominal rates of duty imposed on carpet wools. We produce one-half the carpet wool we consume, and can easily produce the other half, when there is an extension of wool-raising in New Mexico, Western Texas, Southern California, Colorado, Wyoming, Idaho, Arizona, Nevada, and parts of other sheep-raising sections, which can not well produce any other than the coarse grades of wool, owing to well-understood conditions of soil and climate. With sufficient protection we can raise every pound of coarse wool needed in this country. Hence the plea for the free admission of carpet wools is shown to be without reason; but there is need of a revision of the tariff law regarding carpet wools to prevent the evasion explained above.

SPECIMEN COPIES FREE.

We desire to send sample copies of THE BLADE to many thousand families who are not subscribers. We invite everybody to send us the addresses of their friends and neighbors. Send as many names as you please. We wish to introduce THE BLADE *everywhere*.

IT is announced that Secretary TRACY will, in his forthcoming annual report, recommend that Congress shall provide for the construction of ten new cruisers for the navy. If this is done, we will then have, with the 27 vessels either now completed or in process of construction, a navy as good as any in the world. The secretary of the Navy proposes to ask that the money necessary for these new cruisers be appropriated in a lump sum, with no specifications as to the class of the vessels, except a limitation of the discretion of the secretary, with the assistance of the board appointed for the purpose, to fix the tonnage and armament of each vessel, and to build them by contract, or at the navy yard. This is the English method, to appropriate a sum of money, and leave it to the admiralty officials to approve models and plans.

THE result of the elections in the four new states shows clearly that the Republicans can elect the President in 1892 without New York, while the Democrats cannot.

MONTANA is close, but she will take her place regularly in the Republican column hereafter. The Northwest will be solid for the party of progress.

"TEETOTALLER DICK."

Announcement of the Blade's New Temperance Tale.

An Absorbingly Interesting Story for Both Young and Old.

ITS SCOPE AND AIMS

Are Set Forth in the Announcement Below.

Read, it and Help to Circulate it Among Your Friends.

Very Truly Yours
Thos. W. Knox

As was announced last week, we shall begin, in a few weeks, the publication of a new serial story in the columns of THE BLADE, written expressly for us, entitled:

TEETOTALLER DICK;

His Adventures, Temptations and Triumphs.

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

BY THOMAS W. KNOX,

AUTHOR OF "OVERLAND THROUGH ASIA," "THE YOUNG NIMRODS," "THE BOY TRAVELERS," "CAMP FIRE AND COTTON FIELDS," "UNDERGROUND," "JOHN," "HOW TO TRAVEL," ETC., ETC.

In addition to what we have before said concerning it, we wish to add that, while it is a story that teaches a powerful temperance lesson, it is not written in a dry, lecture-like manner, but is a bright, very readable narrative, absorbingly interesting, in fact, to both young and old.

The scene opens in New England, and the story first carries the hero to New York City. After a vivid experience there, he visits foreign shores. Liverpool and its wonderful docks are described, and so is the city of London, the hero's adventures carrying him there. The scene afterwards shifts to France, and then to Turkey, and there will be much that is novel and interesting in the way of description interwoven with the story, including readable accounts of an ocean voyage on one of the "greyhounds of the sea"—a steamer of one of the great North Atlantic lines.

In the chapters upon the Ottoman Empire, a subject but rarely touched upon will be fully described—the cold water Turks; for the Mohammedan religion forbids the use of intoxicants, and cold water is the drink of the people. As we have before announced, it is a powerful temperance story, told in a new way. In its course it explains the physical effects of Rum; it explains the effects of beer upon the system, as well as those of spirituous or distilled liquors; it shows the relations of life insurance companies to intemperance; tells all about the beer-drinking in the city of London, and many other interesting and useful points.

These things are not told in a dry, statistical way, but they are made part of a brilliant and spicy story. All who begin it will desire to read it through. Parents need only urge their children to read the first installment, for if they do that they will be eager to read it all.

We can assure every parent that the story is strong and pure, and while very interesting, especially to the young, it contains nothing that even the most careful father or mother need hesitate to allow ch ildren to read. We have been especially careful upon this point.

Will You Aid the Cause of Temperance?

If the people are to be rescued from the awful curse of intemperance, we must begin with the youth of the nation, and set before them clearly the dangers, physical and moral, of indulgence in drink.

IN OLD GERMAN TOWNS.

Experiences During a Nine Weeks' Vacation in Northern Germany.

BY ROBINSON LOCKE.

V.

MENTION has been made of the prevalence of uniforms in Germany. Of course, in a country where so large a standing army is maintained it is only to be expected that military uniforms should meet the eye at every turn. But why they should be worn so generally by people not in the service passes comprehension. Take, for example, the maid servants in Hamburg. They have a distinct uniform, by which they can be distinguished anywhere. The accompanying cut, engraved from a snap shot with a Kodak, shows that not only is the uniform a pretty one, but the wearer, too, is not altogether bad looking.

You see these maid servants everywhere,

ONE KIND OF A UNIFORM.

and they all wear that tiny lace cap, if it may be so called. It is only a narrow bit of a thing running from the forehead down to the twist of hair on the back of the head.

And the girls are all bare-armed.

Such arms, too. Some of them are large and well formed, and others are small and ill-shaped, while nearly all are red, bright cardinal red. In the early morning you see them coming from market, carrying heavy baskets filled with the day's supplies. If the day be cold these poor bare arms are purple. If it be warm they are blistered by the sun. The weather makes no difference to them. Bare arms are the rule. Their dresses have no sleeves, save a little strip two or three inches from the shoulder.

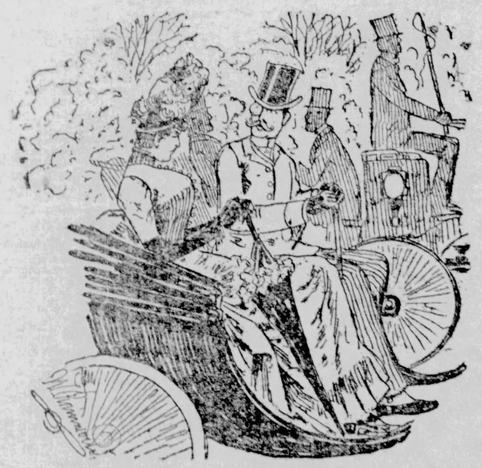
In the parks and along the promenades of the Alster basin they may be seen at all hours of the day and evening. In the afternoon they are in charge of baby carriages, which they perambulate up and down the smooth pavements. It is not very hard work and they evidently enjoy it. And so do the gaily dressed soldiers, judging by the pleasure they seem to take in laughing, chatting and flirting with the oftentimes handsome nurse maids. In the evening the happy couple go to a concert or a theater, or on a Sunday night to some one of the many dances that make Hamburg so gay.

The most awe inspiring uniform, however, the one that strikes the deadliest terror into the heart of the unsophisticated traveler is that sported by the porter of the hotel.

We Americans have gotten into the habit of poking fun at the hotel clerks. Jokes innumerable have been made on his cheek, his dignity, his self importance and land knows what not.

The fact is the American hotel clerk is a boon companion, a welcome friend, compared with his counterpart in Europe.

In America the frigid clerk may take



CAUGHT WITH A KODAK IN HAMBURG.

fiendish delight in assigning you the poorest room in the top of the house; he may freeze you out with a stony glare when you try to convert him into a railway guide, by asking a few necessary questions about the arrival and departure of trains; he may—well, in short, he may be just the average hotel clerk with all the failings your imagination can picture, and still he is infinitely preferable to the European hotel portier.

This Portier has more power than a General. Through the window of his little lodge near the entrance to the hotel, he sees the humble cab as it drives up. With one hand he grabs the bell rope and sends a peal through the whole house loud enough to raise the dead; with the other he buttons up his long frock coat, all bespangled with gold lace and big gold buttons; jams his gold laced cap upon his head and bolts for the entrance.

As you alight, he transfixes you with a glance of his all powerful eye, and then while you are still in a state of semi-consciousness, he slowly and impressively places his left hand over the third button of his double-breasted coat, and bows long and low, while his right hand, cap and all, makes a long and graceful downward and backward sweep.

Then is the time to kill him. That's the only chance you'll have. While you are counting the gold buttons on the back of his coat as he bends over towards you, you should rise in your might and slay him.

But you hesitate—and you are lost. Before you recover from your joyful surprise at this unexpectedly flattering reception, this august personage, this maker and unmaker of hotel happiness, has regained his perpendicular. With studied grace he replaces his military cap upon his carefully oiled, combed and curled locks and with a smile as treacherous as it is expansive, advances to meet you, softly rubbing together the oily hands that are hereafter to do you unto financial death.

All this preliminary flourish is not because this high-born count in disguise is glad to see you, and is anxious to welcome you to the hospitalities of his hostelry.

Far from it.

It is only to gain time enough for all the waiters around the place to gather about the entrance and work you for as many fees as possible.

That wild clanging of the bell before the Portier left his room was to notify every waiter in the hotel that a fresh victim had arrived; and was an official tip for all of them, so that if by any luck the guest got away from one waiter the others would have a chance.

Of course some of the waiters get left on this preliminary skirmish for fees, but that matters not. They have had a good look at you, they know you, and as sure as fate you will not escape them. They'll worm a fee out of you in some way before you get out of the hotel.

As the Portier greets you effusively a waiter seizes each and every piece of baggage you may have, and the procession marches into the vestibule of the hotel, a small room supposed to take the place of the office of an American hotel.

Here you pluck up the remnant of courage that you may have concealed somewhere about your person and intimate the kind of a room you would like.

The Portier looks at you in a way that says only too plainly, "My dear sir, are you not aware of the fact that you will take such room as I think we can let you have?" Then you wish you had kept still, especially if you have labored long and hard to express your wishes in the little German you happen to know, only to have the Portier paralyze you by answering in faultless English.

He scans the room board, which is all Greek to you, shouts something to a couple of waiters, pulls another bell cord, which sets a gong to clanging up somewhere in the regions above. You are taken charge of by one waiter, who leads you solemnly up stairs. Your baggage is grabbed by other minions and disappears.

I say you follow the waiter up stairs. It is true that most hotels in Germany have a passenger elevator, Fahrstuhl they call it, but it almost always happens that when you want to go up in it the man who runs it is off somewhere on an errand, possibly waiting on table in the restaurant, or out posting a letter, or something. At any rate he never is around when you want him, and if he is, the Fahrstuhl goes at such a snail's pace that you wish you had walked. Then, too, the man opens the door for you to get out, when you have reached your floor, in such a begging way that you have to fee him. And he wears a uniform.

The waiter who is acting as your guide leads you through several long corridors, and finally unlocks and with a needless but none the less elaborate flourish, throws open a door, and solemnly ushers you into a room, too small if you want a large room, and too large if you desire a small one.

No matter if you are an invalid, or a light sleeper, you will find that your room looks out on the street. The view will be superb, especially if your hotel happens to front on the Alster basin in Hamburg. But the question is whether you are seeking views or rest, in your hotel rooms. If the latter is what you are after you may be assured you will not get it in this front room, for the street below is paved with stone and the heavy traffic begins at an unearthly early hour. Big 'busses go thundering over the stones, ringing their bells every step, the hucksters are early astir and precious little is the sleep you'll get after five o'clock in the morning.

It is a matter of money with the hotel people, however. You pay about twice as much for this front room with all its noise, and the view, as you would for one in a more quiet part of the house, just as good in every respect save that it has not as fine an outlook.

After vigorously insisting upon being shown other rooms you finally find one that suits, and you signify this fact to the waiter (in swallowtail coat and plastered hair) who has been sticking to you closer than a brother. Whereupon he produces a little slip of paper about like this:

HOTEL DE HIGH-PRICE.

HAMBURG, July ——, 1889.

Name.....
Residence.....
Occupation.....
Where from last.....

This all in German of course. The polite waiter tells you to write your name.

You do it on the space indicated.

Then your place of residence.

Your occupation next. What the world they want to know what you do for a living you can't understand. It would seem as though it would be sufficient for them to know that you had money enough to pay the bill, no matter what branch of business it was made in. But all the same you write down your occupation and likewise the name of the place where you were last.

It often occurred to me that this list might be added to advantageously. For instance they might ask you to state whether you were hard up or enormously wealthy; whether you earn or your money yourself or inherited it; how long you intended staying and whether you liked the country or not. They might inquire if you had any brothers or sisters; if so how many, and their respective ages. They might want to know the name of your family physician and whether he is homeopath or allopath. In fact there are several questions that they might ask that would be just as much to the point as some of those on the little tab.

After you have given this autobiography the urbane waiter smiles knowingly and asks if there is any thing else you want. You think a while and finally suggest that your baggage would be about the next thing you would like. Whereupon your self-imposed friend begs ten thousand pardons for the delay and promises to trace the missing baggage and see to it himself that it is sent up at once.

All the same he lingers yet a little longer and expatiates upon the necessity of his attending personally to the baggage, until a light begins to dawn upon you and you tip him the fee he has been all but asking for during the last ten minutes. He smiles in proportion to the size of the fee and retires.

Hardly has he left the room before there is a knock at the door, and in comes your baggage, carried by as many waiters as can possibly get hold of it. They get their fees, too.

All the time you are in that hotel, or any other, for that matter, you are at the mercy of the portier and the waiters, and woe betide you if you are not very liberal in the matter of fees. They have you in their power, more especially if you cannot speak the language, and they can and will make life a burden to you unless you tip them as often as they, not you, think they deserve it.

One would naturally suppose that with all this fleecing during ones stay in the hotel, and with the fact that you are charged in your bill regular rates, with lights and service extra, you could get away from the hotel without any trouble after you had paid your bill and had it receipted.

But you can't.

The chambermaid must be fee'd. The boots must be fee'd. Your table waiter must have his tip. The man who has charge of your floor comes in for his share. The men who carry your baggage down stairs, the man who runs the elevator, the waiter who opens the cab door for you, the portier himself, all of these must be fee'd, and you feel almost as though you ought to tip the proprietor something for having the house there.

The driver of your cab wears a uniform and you fee him.

At the railway station the porters are in uniform and you fee them.

The men who sell tickets, who weigh your baggage, who put you on your train, the station master, the conductors and trainmen are all in uniform and expect fees.

You never make a mistake in offering a fee. Anybody will take one, and take it gladly, especially if he wears a uniform.

"OLD WAR SONGS."

NUMBER XXVII.

WRITE ME A LETTER FROM HOME.

Lonely I sit me and weep,
Weep as I have not in years;
Why do mine eyes fail to keep
Back these affectionate tears?
I think of the dear ones o'er the sea,
Who love me wherever I roam;
Oh! go to them, tell them for me,
To write me a leter from home.
Have they forgotten me now,
Or do they expect me to come?
No, no; go tell them for me
To write me a letter from home.

I think of the old-fashioned cot.
I've left it for many a year;
The last words, "God bless you," I've got
From mother and father so dear.
They hoped that my voyage would be
A pleasant one over the foam;
Oh! some one go tell them for me
To write me a letter from home.
Have they forgotten me now,
Or do they expect me to come?
No, no; go tell them for me
To write me a letter from home.

SCOTT AND THE VETERAN.

An old and crippled veteran to the War Department came,
He sought the chief who led him on many a field of fame—
The chief who shouted "Forward!" where'er his banner rose,
And bore its stars in triumph behind the flying foes.

"Have you forgotten, General," the battered soldier cried,
"The days of Eighteen Hundred and Twelve, when both of us were by your side?
Have you forgotten Johnson, that fought at Lundy's Lane?
'Tis true I'm old and pensioned, but I want to fight again."

"Have I forgotten?" said the chief; "my brave old soldier, No!
And here's the hand I gave you then, and let it tell you so;
But you have done your share, my friend; you're crippled, old, and gray,
And we have need of younger arms and fresher blood to-day."

"But, General," cried the veteran, a flush upon his brow,
"The very men who fought with us, they say, are traitors now;
They've torn the flag of Lundy's Lane—our old red, white and blue;
And while a drop of blood is left, I'll show that drop is true.

"I'm not so weak but I can strike, and I've a good old gun
To get the range of traitors' hearts, and pick them, one by one.
Your Minie rifles, and such arms, it ain't worth while to try;
I couldn't get the hang of them, but I'll keep my powder dry!"

"God bless you, comrade!" said the chief, "God bless your loyal heart!
But younger men are in the field, and claim to have their part;
They'll plant our sacred banner in each rebellious town,
And woe henceforth, to any hand that dares to pull it down!"

"But, General," still persisting the weeping veteran cried,
"I'm young enough to follow, so long as you're my guide;
And scorns you know, must bite the dust, and that, at least, can I;
So give the young ones place to fight, but me a place to die!

"If they should fire on Pickens, let the colonel in command,
Put me upon the rampart, with the flagstaff in my hand;
No odds how hot the cannon smoke, or how the shells may fly;
I'll hold the Stars and Stripes aloft, and hold them till I die!

"I'm ready, General, so you let a post to me be given,
Where Washington can see me, as he looks from highest heaven,
And say to Putnam at his side, or, may be, Gen. Wayne,
'There stands old Billy Johnston, that fought at Lundy's Lane!'

"And when the fight is the hottest, before the traitors fly,
When shell and ball are screeching, and bursting in the sky,
If any shot should hit me, and lay me on my face,
My soul would go to Washington's and not to Arnold's place!"

Darning in French Convents.

While speaking of mending, I will describe the darning taught by the nuns in French convents, who probably do the most beautiful and elaborate needlework in the world. Silk, cashmere, flannel, in fact al materials except cotton fabrics, are taken and the rent cut around to form even edges, then it is matched with a piece of the goods, which is basted on the wrong side of the tear. Ravellings of the fabric are pulled from a straight piece of the fabric, and a long, One darning needle threaded with one, discarding it as soon as it begins to wear fine or rough.

The darning is done over the raw edge of the tear, taking the edge as the center, and putting in two or three stitches on each side of it, extending thus on the new piece, but not across it. Do the work on the right side, and take up small stitches both over and under the needle. When the raw edge has been entirely covered rip the basting threads, lay a slightly damp cloth on the right side of the darn, and iron it with a moderately warm iron.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, *820 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

At a German University.

Student—"Waiter, has my friend Mueller been here yet?"

Waiter—"Mueller—Mueller—oh, yes; the gentleman has just paid his score and gone out."

Student—"Paid his score! Then, indeed it was not Mueller."

GERMANY'S ROYAL CHILDREN.

Pretty Story for Children of This Country to Read.

The young Emperor of Germany, William II., has five little boys. The eldest is seven years old. He is the Crown Prince and the heir to the throne. He will some day be Emperor of Germany. He is a fine, manly little fellow.

Germany is a very military country, and the Emperor William is such a thorough soldier that strict military discipline is the order of the day in the nurseries of his little people.

As soon as petticoats are left off the tiny boys are dressed in baby uniforms, and the young Crown Prince looks quite like a little soldier.

When their father visits them in their own quarters (as I suppose I ought to call such a very military nursery) the Crown Prince commands his smaller brothers to "fall in."

Then Frederick and Albert, who are scarcely more than babies, "fall in." Little Prince Albert is such a mite that he is not able to keep his position for long, and he soon trots away to his nurse's side. But the Crown Prince and Prince Frederick stand stiff and starched like real soldiers till their father returns their salute in proper fashion.

When the little Crown Prince was six years old he was given a bedroom to himself, instead of sleeping in the nursery with the others. He was very pleased, and said: "Oh! that is nice; now I need not be with the children any more."

In the summer of 1888 all five boys had a charming holiday with their mother at the beautiful castle of Oberhof, in the forest of Theringia. Their father was away.

A little fort was built for them in a corner of the gardens, with a tent and two small cannon.

The three eldest, dressed in officer's uniforms, paraded in front of the fort. Then while the Crown Prince beat the drum, an old soldier showed the other two how to attack and defend the fort.

Little Prince Augustus William, who was only a year and a half, was dressed it white and wore a tiny helmet. He looked on and clapped his hands.

In Germany, every boy, whether he is the son of the Emperor or of a peasant, has some day to be a soldier.

The Emperor is very fond of his five boys.

Almost his first question is, when he returns home, "How are the boys."—[Our Little Men and Women.]

Information Wanted.

WANTED—Address of Mr. Tom McGerry, of Pennsylvania, who was in Dakota in 1884. Box 18, Tarkio, Mo.

Lincoln and Nasby.

Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Petroleum V. Nasby did not receive a very munificent sum for his letters from the "Confederate X Roads." The Indianapolis *Journal*, in which they appeared in 1864, has just confessed that Mr. Locke not only received no pay for them, but that he gave the *Journal* $2 each for printing them, that being about the cost of composition. The *Journal* did, however, permit Nasby to use the type after the letters had been set up, and from this type was printed the yellow-colored pamphlets which Nasby sold. It was one of these pamphlets which Abraham Lincoln was reading while sitting in the War department waiting for news of his second election.

CURRENT COMMENT.

Will Vindicate Ohio.

Globe-Democrat.

The Ohio Democrats desire the election of a legislature controlled by their party, so as to "vindicate" Senator Payne. The people, however, are more interested in the vindication of the state than in that of the Bourbons, and to secure this they will elect a Republican legislature and send no more Democrats to the Senate.

October.

October's child is born for woe,
And life's vicissitudes must know;
But lay an opal on her breast
And hope will lull those words to rest.

The divorce suit now progressing in the San Francisco courts between William L Barnes, son of General Barnes, and Hattie Delaro, the well known burlesque actress, was enlivened the other day by Barnes's lawyer producing a photograph of the actress in full theatrical costume in court as evidence that she had enough talent and good looks to support herself on the stage, and was, therefore, in no need of the money she claims for support.

Over the Garden Wall.

Philadelphia Press.

"Dear Eve," said Adam, with a sigh,
"With truth I can no longer grapple;
You were the apple of my eye
Until you chaneed to eye the apple."

The Woods Are Full of 'Em.

Brooklyn Times.

We hope that not many young men have had the bad taste to envy Emmons Blaine his rich and beautiful wife. A wife is a great blessing, but fortunately there are enough nice girls to go around, and as the millions are, by comparison, trifling and insignificant, there's no occasion for looking green.

The English cotton corner has collapsed. London stage beauties will now reappear in good form.

No Accounting For Tastes.

New York Tribune.

A man who was hanged in Minnesota last week sold his body in advance to a physician for $10, the money, according to a dispatch from Morehead, "to be given to a young woman for whom he had a high regard." It might be interesting to know the uses to which the young woman puts the money with such ghoulish associations, provided that she is willing to accept it. On the whole, this is one of the queerest bequests that the grotesque fancy of man has conceived.

Cold Facts.

Life.

The girl for whom you risk you life
By plunging in the water
Is sure to be another's wife
And not a rich man's daughter.

"The lesson of this London strike," says Henry George in the *North American*, "what is it but the lesson of the strikes and lockouts in the Illinois coal fields; of the New York freight-handlers' strike; of the Chicago strike, out of which grew the explosion of the Haymarket bomb and the hanging of the anarchists; of the Southwestern railroad strike; of the Pittsburg riots—the lesson of all strikes, coming sharper and clearer as the years go on? It is the lesson that the social problem cannot be ignored; that unless the moral advance of our civilization is commensurate with its intellectual and material advances civilization itself is doomed."

The latest "young Napoleon" on the eve of banishment may not relish the hint borne by the fact that Ives rhymes with gyves.

Nobody has suggested the Dusty Miller as the national flour.

A New Hat.

The Del Monte Wave.

The latest thing in hat linings is the main topic of discussion in the select circles of choicer spirits at the Bohemian and Pacific Union clubs. It is the discovery of a prominent hatter who has been treating gutta percha with all manner of curious chemicals until at last he has hit upon a compound whose curious property it is to induce a remarkable degree of sensitiveness in the rubber. The new lining immediately adjusts itself to the most pronounced case of *caput expandum*, and, strange to say, contracts as the head reduces. In fact, it assists in the operation.

As Usual.

N. Y. Sun.

Willis—So your cook has left you, eh? Did she go off with the hired man?

Wallace—No; she went off with the kerosene can.

Mr. Blaine to the Pan-Americans.

New York Sun.

The most interesting figure in American politics never appeared to better advantage than as the representative of this republic in its welcome to the nation's guests from our sister states. Mr. Blaine's speech to the delegates to the International American Congress is a model of diplomatic address and of literary art. It can be read only with admiration for its perfect tact; and we are sure that with the added charm of Mr. Blaine's presence and personal manner it must have made a most agreeable impression upon the delegates from seventeen independent governments of the two Columbian continents.

My Lady.

My lady is not fair, but a clear light
Shines in her eyes from morning until night.

My lady is not learned, but she knows
The way to every heart; straight there she goes.

Though neither fair nor learned, she is one
To love and love, and never to have done.
—*New England Magazine.*

Dancing and Card Playing Making Trouble.

Minneapolis Tribune.

The Congregational association at St. Paul discussed card playing and dancing. A minister from one of the country churches said he wanted to know what the city pastors thought about it. The presiding officer replied that it was not a vital question; and the matter might have been dropped there, but this answer brought another country pastor to his feet with the declaration: "Brethren, it is a vital question. My church is going to pieces on account of dancing and card playing."

The Antiquity of Coffee.

Newark Journal.

Watermelon seeds were found in an Egyptian tomb that was 3,000 years old.

A Great Conjugal Truth.

Atchison Globe.

It takes a genius to know how to live with a genius.

The Usual Way.

New York Sun.

Stranger (in Kansas)—So you had a little blow here, eh? How did you come out?

Kansas Man—Oh, everything passed off nicely.

None Could Have Excelled Him.

New York Herald.

Mr. Blaine's speech on Wednesday to the delegates from the three Americas—North, Central and South—was in the happiest vein of that eloquent gentleman.

Peripatetic Philosophy.

Puck.

Frayed Keegan—Please, sor, can ye give me a nicket to get a night's lodgin'?

Rowne de Bout—But you can't get a lodging for a nickel.

Frayed Keegan—O' course not, sor! but Oi can repeat this act two or three times, can't I?

NO MORE PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH.

The Language Rapidly Going Out of Use and English Taking Its Place.

A letter to the New York *Sun* from Reading, Pennsylvania, says that in 25 or 30 years, if not before, the Pennsylvania Dutch dialect will be to all intents and purposes a dead language. There have been very great changes during the last ten or fifteen years, and the rapidity with which they are taking place is being accelerated every year. This is noticeable in the churches, in the newspapers, in the language of business in intercourse with the people, and in the increased facility with which one who does not understand the dialect can make himself understood wherever he goes. When the Presbyterian church was founded in this city, about half a century ago, it was done chiefly because there were a few people who wanted to have English preaching, and the only way to have it was to found a new church. Now there are only three or four out of forty churches where the services are conducted in the German language.

A score of years ago there was a serious split in the Trinity Lutheran church, the largest in the city, because some of the members wanted one service each week in English. Now and for a long time past all the services in that church have been in English. In the country all the young people who come up for "confirmation" have been taught the catechism in English, and where they have not already been granted it they are clamoring for English services in the churches, and all the old style preachers who have been accustomed to delivering German sermons all of their lives find that they must begin to yield a little to the new demands or sacrifice their usefulness and popularity. Every parent is ambitious for his children desires that they shall learn to speak English, every young man and woman feels that to do so is a much desired accomplishment, and there are few of the younger generation who are not able to understand and carry on conversation in the language of the country, though in their homes and in their ordinary business they may use the Pennsylvania Dutch.

Nearly all of the last generation were taught to read, and many of them to write, German in the schools which were attached to the churches. Since the establishment of the common school system these have gradually died out, and there is probably not one of them left. The early newspapers of the county were all German, and there are still quite a number of them published, but they seem destined to die out in a comparatively short time for want of subscribers who will be able to read them. The proprietors of the *Adler*, one of the pioneer newspapers of Pennsylvania, which was founded over a century ago, have recognized the direction in which things are trending by issuing an English paper to take the place of the German edition. The same precaution has been taken by the owner of the Kutztown *Journal*, an old and influential German paper.

The time of the war, and for a few years thereafter, the *Adler* was still a great power in politics, and what it said was widely quoted and commented upon, but for the last fifteen years it has scarcely been heard of, even in the most exciting political campaigns, and no one who wishes to address the public on any political subject thinks of doing so through the journal that for nearly a century was one of the great Democratic organs of Pennsylvania, and was known far and wide as the Berks county Bible. This is not because the *Adler* is no longer a good newspaper, but because it is printed in a language which is being rapidly discarded by the rising generation.

Here in Reading, the language of the street, of the store, and of all public places is English, and Pennsylvania Dutch is seldom heard, except in some of the outer wards. It is still, of course, desirable that a clerk or a conductor of a great retail store should be able to talk Pennsylvania Dutch, but it is no longer absolutely necessary, and it is becoming less so every year. Out in the boroughs and larger villages more and more English is being constantly heard, the English newspaper is everywhere seen, and in every possible direction the old language is losing its hold and English is being substituted.

Jeff. Davis Will be There.

Smithfield, N. C., Herald.

Hon. Jefferson Davis positively assures the people of Fayetteville that he will be present at the great constitutional centennial celebration. We would advise our readers, who anticipate going to Fayetteville on this grand occasion, to secure board, rooms, etc., before it is too late as it is expected the city will be crowded with patriotic "Tar Heels" anxious to see the great and only Jefferson Davis.

One Result of the Higher Education of Women.

He—"What are you reading, dear?"

His Wife—"The latest society novel. I'm just glancing through to see if it is fit for you to read, dear."—*Life.*

In a Rage.

First Grasshopper—You look riled.

Second Grasshopper—Yes, I'm hopping mad.

Publishers' Column.

THE WEEKLY BLADE AND TRENTON WATCH.

The demand for a better grade of watch than heretofore supplied with THE BLADE, has forced us to discard the watches recently offered with THE BLADE at $4.00 and $4.25, and look for something better. After a careful investigation we have decided to use the Trenton watch, which is, without doubt, the best watch for the money in the United States. It is a stem winder and stem setter. Unlike other stop watches, it can be repaired by any jeweler. For a club of 15 yearly subscribers sent at one time with $15, we will send this watch free, or will send WEEKLY BLADE one year and a Trenton watch for $20.

THE BLADE, TOLEDO, O.

CELEBRATED PICTURES AT POPULAR PRICES.

Some months ago THE BLADE inaugurated a scheme of supplying, at a very low price, copies or reproductions of the most celebrated paintings of the world. That this scheme has been appreciated by the readers of THE BLADE is evidenced by the fact that we have sold many thousands, and purchasers of one of the set are sure to become subscribers to the balance of the series. These pictures are printed on heavy plate paper, size about 22x28. They are printed in rich tints, by a new photo-etching process, and are beautiful reproductions of the celebrated paintings whose names they bear. Art stores retail these pictures at from 50 cents to $1 each. We send them postpaid by mail in heavy pasteboard tube *at only 25 cents each.* When framed they are fine enough for anybody's house, and the price so low that everybody may get an idea of the grand paintings they represent. We shall add to our list from time to time. The following we now have on hand:

Christ Before Pilate. By Munkacsy. This painting recently sold for $120,000 cash. Everybody is familiar with its history. Representing our Savior, bound and brought before Pilate for trial.

Christ on Calvary. By the same. Representing the crucifixion of Christ on Calvary.

Christ in the Temple. By Hoffman. Representing Christ at 12 years of age in the Temple, in the midst of the doctors, both hearing and asking them questions. "And all that heard him were astonished at his understanding and answers."

The Horse Fair. By Rosa Bonheur. The most wonderful painting of horses ever produced. This is a well known subject and needs no description.

Washington Entering New York. Representing Washington and his staff entering New York at the close of the Revolutionary war, 1789. On the outside border of this picture are engraved excellent portraits of twenty-eight Presidents of the United States.

The Angelus. By Jean Francois Millet. Just ready. The first published. A photo etching of "The Agelus," the celebrated painting for which an American recently paid, duties and all, over $150,000. Printed on heavy plate paper; size 24x38.

Either or all of above pictures sent postpaid by mail for 25 cents each. Address

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We have published ten different portrait which we offer to our readers at a price that will enable all to decorate their homes cheaply and well, viz:—

MILITARY HEROES—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Logan.

RELIGIOUS HEROES—John Wesley, Charles Wesley, Martin Luther, John Calvin and Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage.

EMINENT MEN—Robert Lincoln.

These portraits are all printed upon heavy plate paper, size 19 by 24 inches, just the size for framing for the parlor or sitting room, and good enough for any house in the land. They are all exquisite works of art, and are certain to give satisfaction. We pack them securely in pasteboard tubes and send them postpaid at the following prices:

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THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

LADIES, CAUTION! As our Advertisement appears in this paper for the first time, and other parties have similar advertisements copied both in form of appearance and wording, by advertisers who seem to be devoid of principle, and, as a result, after the consent, purporting as coming from our MARION WALKER, of Louisville, Ky., was probably inserted without knowledge of our party, we desire to say that we have no disposition, and it is contrary to our business principles to draw money from unsuspecting women. We have no interest in the advertisement referred to other than to protect ourselves against imposition.
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NASBY IN EXILE, by D. R. Locke, cloth, ill., 700 pp. Retail price, $3.50. Will mail copy, postpaid, for $1.25, or with WEEKLY BLADE one year, $2.10.

STRUGGLES OF PETROLEUM V. NASBY, by D. R. Locke, cloth, ill., 700 pp. Retail price, $3.00. Will mail copy, postpaid, for $1.00, or with WEEKLY BLADE one year, $1.90.

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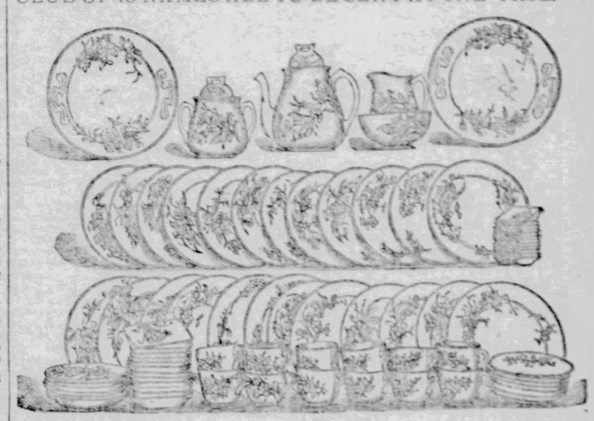

We have contracted with the largest pottery in the United States to make for us a large quantity of Blade Tea Sets of special designs and decorations. We have the largest pottery in the world for such goods, and at the same time we require the finest quality of material, the best grade of workmanship, and the most artistic designs of color and decorations. Twenty years ago none but the most wealthy could afford such a set as we will turn out now we propose to place them within the reach of every reader of the BLADE.

This set consists of 80 pieces, as follows: 12 bread and butter plates, 12 tea plates, 12 saucers, 12 fruit dishes, 12 soup plates, 1 round cake platter, 1 tea pot and cover, 1 sugar bowl and cover, 1 cream pitcher and 1 bowl. These goods are carefully packed in box by manufacturer, and shipped upon our order direct to the purchaser. They can be sent by freight or express. We advise freight as the expense is lighter. The shipper pays transportation. We have no large packages to ship for less than to any point east of the Mississippi, while it may require from $2.00 to $3.50 to carry a set beyond the Rockies. We are assured that these goods are not only equal but superior to the best English goods. We know the manufacturer personally and can recommend them to be perfectly durable. Goods at half and twice the amount we ask for these. Never was so handsome a set offered for so little money. We make no profit. We want to encourage clubs. Most any energetic person can raise a club of 15 subscribers to the BLADE in a day or two.

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Twelve large pieces, richly decorated in colors and gold only $10 for this elegant Chamber Set and Weekly BLADE

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

BOYS' READING ROOM.

A Place Where the Waifs May be Attracted to Spend the Evening Hours.

MOVEMENT has been made in Toledo to establish a reading room for boys, where will be found light and heat and comfort, with bright and entertaining books and papers, which they can read and enjoy at those hours when they are now upon the street. The purpose is to attract the numerous waifs that have around them no influences for good; those that are either homeless or next to that—for what they call homes are so far from having any of the elements that go to make up our comprehension of the term that they might as well be without any—and give them some idea of better things with a desire to reach them.

Any one upon the streets after nightfall can perceive the possibilities of good in a work like this. At every few steps one sees them, ragged, unkempt, profane, saucy, standing around peering into brilliantly lighted saloons, or running along intent upon some questionable enjoyment or dare-devil mischief. Their brains are active, and will be employed in something. They have no other place than the street; no other associations than what they find there; no other chance to learn of better things than the stray glimpses that may come to them as they run, few enough, Heaven knows, for it is the evil that is too generally made attractive, and not the good. Home, as they see it, is a place in which to eat what they can get and sleep as they may, to be resorted to only when there is nowhere else, and Nature makes demands that can thus be answered.

INFLUENCED TO GOOD.

Yet there are many of these poor little fellows who would easily yield to better influences if they could once be brought within their reach. Their instinct for amusement is keen, their enjoyment in whatever interests them, like that of all children, is hearty. Give them food for thought; set their active brains at work upon what will entertain while leading them away from vicious things, and the community will be enriched by self-respecting citizens, instead of defrauded by paupers and criminals.

Both skill and patience are required to get hold of these waifs. As any one knows who has had much to do with this class of people, they are singularly suspicious of the motive that prompts an effort in their behalf. They cannot understand why persons should go out of their way to give them comfort or pleasure unless they have some selfish object in view. Children, however, are more easily reached in such ways than adults. Let two or three of these boys find their way into a pleasant reading-room; let them become sure that there is simply a friendly desire to have them enjoy themselves, and others will soon follow. Yet to carry out the plan successfully will demand a great deal of thought and labor. Even with the hearty sympathy of the public to strengthen the effort, there can be no such thing as starting it, and then imagining that it will run itself. Nor can the precise influence that will be needed there be purchased. Those who undertake it must do so with the full understanding that to accomplish the good contemplated they will have to be instant in season and out of season. If the reading room frequented by those who belong to the well-to-do classes of society needs constant surveillance, it can easily be seen that one such as is intended, demands it yet more absolutely. Not that these boys will be any less docile when they have once learned what is expected of them, but that they must begin with the alphabet of good behavior, and the whole influence for good they will be likely to have must come in this way.

AT THE FOUNDATION.

This is a work akin to that of the free Kindergarten which is so successful for the poorer classes of little ones. Everything which begins at the foundation, which, while acknowledging the force of environment, still believes that children can be educated to resist it, is a powerful factor in the future elevation of humanity. It is coming to be felt more and more strongly, that the way to the greatest accomplishment of good lies in lifting the little ones out of vicious surroundings, and giving them early a glimpse of a better way of living. That one of the most potent influences in doing this is such a reading room as is planned, has been demonstrated elsewhere.

WHAT ABOUT GIRLS?

While, however, full of the most cordial sympathy in this work, I am wondering why it is to be limited to boys. Are the girl waifs not worth saving? True, there are more boys than girls to be seen upon the streets, ragged, reckless and seemingly uncared for, yet one who observes will see that there are enough of the latter to make their future a matter of serious thought. Why not have a room where these girls can find books and papers suited to their tastes, and make the effort to bring them there? It could be in the same place and under the same management, and though there were but one girl to ten boys that would benefit by the arrangement, it would still be worth doing.

Of course the movement, as I understand it, contemplates more in the future than the simple opening of a reading room. Its work will, as elsewhere, be made to extend further, but that is enough for the beginning. It will be taken hold of just as other good works have been in Toledo, and will, like them, be carried forward successfully. It cannot fail to receive sympathy and encouragement from everybody who believes that the foundation of good citizenship is laid in youth, and that it is cheaper for a community to educate its children than to leave them to chance or accident to become thrifty men and women.

Such a reading room as this would be a most excellent thing in any community in the country. There is nothing truer than that "Satan always finds something for idle hands to do," that is, if children, as well as grown people, have not that to occupy them which has some good purpose in view, they will almost inevitably turn to that which is harmful if not absolutely distinctive.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

INDOOR FLOWERS.

When the out-of-door flowers are fading and dying under the touch of the frost, those who love them will begin to think how they can have them indoors through the winter without too great a tax upon their time and upon the room they have to spare. Of course those plants must be chosen which can stand some changes in temperature, because these are inevitable unless one has a conservatory arranged especially for the well-being of plants. There are many, however, which are hardy, and if they do not blossom a great deal their foliage presents a charming picture when old Boreas is growling outside.

Pretty window decorations can be made by taking a large shell and boring holes on each side for the strings or chain to be fastened, to hang it up by; fill it with dirt and put in the quickly growing vines, like the Madeira, and then suspend it so that it will hang level, keep it moist, but not wet, and let it grow. With a little care the result is very pretty.

Hyacinths in the glasses that can be bought for the purpose can be made to blossom, and fill the house with fragrance. These glasses are not expensive, and can be used year after year. They are, perhaps, six inches deep, and have a round, open top, with a ridge in the glass an inch below, upon which the bulb will rest. Fill the glass with pure rain water, to which a pinch of salt is added, so that it comes just to the ridge and touches the base of the bulb.

Keep them in a cool, dark place at first until the roots have attained considerable growth, and then they can be brought out to the light. Change the water once a week, but be sure to have it of the same temperature as that of the room in which they are, and keep it always up to the bulb. The single hyacinths are better than the double.

Any suggestions in the way of inexpensive window gardening will be very welcome to the HOUSEHOLD.

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATION.

A very pretty portiere may be made of dark blue denim in this way: Have the dark side for the dado, the light side for the center and the dark again for the frieze across the top. In both the dado and frieze cut out some design of a conventionalized vine, or leaves, or diamonds, or anything liked, then under it baste turkey red calico and button-hole in loose stitch all around the cut edges. Or the calico may be pasted on under carefully, then pressed down. A large all-over pattern should be used in the dado, or it may be left plain. The whole portiere should be lined with the turkey-red calico.

PARASOL CASE.—Take a yard of brown denim, cut for the back a triangular piece, with a round top, turn in and bind around with brown braid. Then cut two smaller pieces large enough to hold a good sized umbrella; sew them to the back with the same finish of braid. Paint or embroider on these pieces a bouquet of flowers; finish with a bow of ribbon and hang on the wall.

MINIATURE FERNERY.—I will tell the "sisters" of my miniature fernery, which has been very much admired. Among my collection of plants I have a pair of beautiful ferns, and also a nice mineral collection given me by friends. I set the pan with the ferns in the center of a small, square table in the corner of the room. Then I commenced heaping the rocks (from the edge of the table) up to the top of the pan, giving them the appearance of growing in a cliff. The ferns will be thrifty all the year round with a good watering every morning. They look so cool and refreshing and add so much to the beauty of the room that they are well worth the trouble.—E. J. COMPARET.

The new number of "Fancy Work and House Decoration" is now so nearly ready that those who want it to begin Christmas work, will do well to send in their orders to Miss Emily S. Bouton, Toledo, O., at once. For 25 cents you will receive it postpoid.

KNITTING AND CROCHETING.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; k bind o, over s l, slip n, bind.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; cl ch st, close chain stitch; d ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c c st, crossed crochet; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; tr, treble; sh c, short crochet.

GILBERT LACE.—Cast on 16 stitches. 1st row—s 1—k 2—o 2—p 2 tog—k 1—(o—n) 3 times—o—k 2—(17 stitches;) 2d row—k 12—o 2—p 2 tog—k 3; 3d row—s 1—k 2—o 2—p 2 tog—k 2—(o—n) 3 times—o—k 2—(18 stitches;) 4th row—k plain till last 5, then o 2—p 2 tog—k 3; 5th row—s 1—k 2—o 2—p 2 tog—k 3—(o—n) 3 times—o—k 2—(19 stitches;) 6th, 8th, 10th, 12th, and 14th, same as 4th row; 7th row—s 1—k 2—o 2—p 2 tog—k 4—(o—n) 3 times—o—k 2—(20 stitches;) 9th row—s 1—k 2—o 2—p 2 tog—k 5—(o—n) 3 times—o—k 2—(21 stitches;) 11th row—s 1—k 2—o 2—p 2 tog—k 6—(o—n) 3 times—o—k 2—(22 stitches;) 13th row—s 1—k 2—o 2—p 2 tog—k 7—(o—n) 3 times—o—k 2—(23 stitches;) 15th row—s 1—k 2—o 2—p 2 tog—k 8—(o—n)3 times—o—k 2—(24 stitches;) 16th row—s 1—k 9—there are 10 stitches on the right hand needle and 14 on the other needle. Slip 8 stitches from the 14 over the others and it will leave 16, the same number cast on, k 1—p 2 tog—k 3. Repeat from beginning.—MRS. J. C. MEIES, The Dalles, Wasco county, Ore.

CROCHETED FAN LACE.—Make a ch of 22 st—sh in 4th st—ch 5—1 d c in 10th st—ch 3—1 d c in same place—ch 5—sh in 16 st—ch 6—fasten in last st of ch with a sc turn; 2d row—12 d c on ch 6—of last row—sh in sh—ch 4—8 d c on ch 3 of last row—ch 4—sh in sh—4 d c on ch 3 at end of row—ch 3—turn; 3d row—sh in sh—1 d c between each of 8 d c with 1 ch between—ch 3—sh in sh—1 d c between each of 12 d c at end of row with 1 ch between—turn; 4th row—1 d c on 1 ch between each treble of last row with 1 ch between—sh in sh—ch 2—3 d c on each of ch 1 of last row of fan—ch 2—sh in sh—1 d c on ch 3 at end of row—ch 3—turn; 5th row—sh in sh—1 d c on each of 3 ch of last fan—ch 3—1 d c in same place—ch 5—sh in sh—1 d c on each of 1 ch, with 1 ch between in scallop—turn; 6th row—ch 4, fasten with sc between each of ch 3 of last row—sh in sh—ch 4—8 d c in ch 3—ch 4—sh in sh—1 d c on ch 3 at end of row—ch 3—turn; 7th row—sh in sh—ch 3

Talmage's Sermon.

DR TALMAGE ON THE WORLD'S FAIR

It May be the Means of Gospelizing Every Nation on Earth—What Should be Done—The Brooklyn Divine Going to the Holy Land.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 6—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., preached in the Tabernacle this morning on the subject, "The Coming World's Fair. Shall it Be Made a Blessing or a Curse?" His text was Ezekiel xxvii, 12: "They traded in thy fairs." He said:

Fairs may be for the sale of goods or for the exhibition of goods on a small scale or a large scale, for county or city, for one nation or for all nations. My text brings us to the fairs of ancient Tyre, a city that is now extinct. Part of the city was on an island and part on the mainland. Alexander, the conqueror, was much embarrassed when he found so much of the city was on an island, for he had no ships. But his military genius was not to be balked. Having marched his army to the beach, he ordered them to tear up the city on the mainland and throw it into the water, and build a causeway 200 feet wide to the island. So they took that part of the city which was on the mainland, and with it built a causeway of timber and brick and stone, on which his army marched to the capture of that part of the city which was on the island, as though a hostile army should put Brooklyn into the East river and over it march to the capture of New York. That Tyrian causeway of ruins which Alexander's army built is still there, and by alluvial deposits has permanently united the island to the mainland, so that it is no longer an island, but a promontory.

The sand, the greatest of all undertakers for burying cities, having covered up for the most part Baalbec and Palmyra and Thebes and Memphis and Carthage and Babylon and Luxor and Jericho; the sand, so small and yet so mighty, is now gradually giving rites of sepulture to what was left of Tyre. But, oh, what a magnificent city it once was! Mistress of the sea! Queen of international commerce! All nations casting their crowns at her feet! Where we have in our sailing vessels benches of wood, she had benches of ivory. Where we have for our masts of ships sails of coarse canvas, she had sails of richest embroidery. The chapter from which my text is taken, after enumerating the richest countries in all the world, says of Tyre: "They traded in thy fairs." Look in upon a world's fair at Tyre.

Eze kiel leads us through one department and it is a horse fair. Under fed and over driven for ages, the horses of to-day give you no idea of the splendid animals which, rearing and plunging and snorting and neighing, were brought down over the plank of the ships and led into the World's fair at Tyre, until Ezekiel, who was a minister of religion and not supposed to know much about horses, cried out in admiration: "They of the house of Togarmah traded in thy fairs with horses." Here is another department of that World's fair in Tyre, led on by Ezekiel the prophet, we find everything all ablaze with precious stones. Like petrified snow are the corals; like fragments of fallen sky are the sapphires, and here is agate a-blush with all colors. What is that aroma we inhale? It is from the chests of cedar which we open, and find them filled with all styles of fabric. But the aromatics increase as we pass down the line of enchantment, and here are cassia and frankincense and balm. Led on by Ezekiel, the prophet, we come to an agricultural fair with a display of wheat from Minnith and Pannag, rich as that of our modern Dakota or Michigan.

And here is a mineralogical fair with specimens of iron and silver and tin and lead and gold. But hark, for here is purple, Tyrian purple, all tints and shades, deep almost unto black, and bright almost unto the blue; waiting for kings and queens to order it made into robes for coronation day; purple not like that which is now made from the orchilla weed, but the extinct purple, the lost purple, which the ancients knew how to make out of the gastropod mollusks of the Mediterranean. Oh, look at those casks of wine from Helvon. See those snow banks of wool from the back of sheep that once pastured in Gilead. Oh, the bewildering riches and variety of that world's fair at Tyre.

The Fairs of the World.

But the world has copied these Bible mentioned fairs in all succeeding ages, and it has had its Louis the Sixth fair at Dagobert, and Henry the First fair on St. Bartholomew's day, and Hungarian fairs and Scotch fairs and Easter fairs at Leipsic, and the Scotch fairs at Perth (bright was the day when I was at one of them), and after them came the London World's fair, and the New York World's fair, and the Vienna World's fair, and the Parisian World's fair, and it has been decided that in commemoration of the discovery of America in 1492 there shall be held in 1892 a World's fair, this second World's fair that shall eclipse all preceding national expositions. I say, God speed the movement! Surely the event commemorated is worthy of all the architecture and music and pyrotechnics and eloquence and stupendous planning and monetary expenditure and congressional appropriations which the most sanguine Christian patriot has ever proposed. Was ever voyage that the world ever heard of crowned with such an arrival as that of Columbus and his men?

After they had been encouraged for the last few days by flight of land birds and floating branches of red berries, and while Columbus was down in the cabin studying the sea chart, Martin Pinzon, standing on deck and looking to the southwest, cried: "Land! Land! Land!" And "Gloria in Excelsis" was sung with raining tears on all the three ships of the expedition. Most appropriate and patriotic and Christian will be a commemorative world's fair in America in 1892. Leaving to others the discussion as to the site of such exposition—and I wonder not that each one of our cities are struggling to have it, for it will give to any city to which it may be assigned an impulse of prosperity for a hundred years—I say, leaving to others the selection of the particular locality to be thus honored, I want to say some things from the point of Christian patriotism which ought to be said, and the earlier the better, that we may get thousands of people talking in the right direction, and that will make healthful public opinion. I beg you to consider prayerfully what I feel called upon of God as an American citizen and as a preacher of righteousness to utter.

Cities Should Not Depreciate Each Other.

My first suggestion is that it is not wise, as certainly it is not Christian, to commence this while and persistent attempt of American cities to belittle and depreciate other cities. It has been going on for years, but now the spirit seems to culminate in this discussion as to where the world's fair shall be held, a style of discussion which has a tendency to injure the success of the fair as a great moral and patriotic enterprise, after that locality has been decided upon. There is such a thing as healthful rivalry between cities, but you will bear me out in saying that there can be no good to come from the uncanny things said about each other by New York and Chicago, by Chicago and St. Louis, by St. Paul and Minneapolis, by Tacoma and Seattle, and all through the states by almost every two proximate cities.

All cities, like individuals, have their virtues and their vices. All our American cities should be our exultation. What churches! What public libraries! What asylums of mercy! What academies of music! What mighty men in law and medicine and art and scholarship! What schools and colleges and universities! What women, radiant and gracious, and an improvement on all the generations of women since Eve! What philanthropists, who do not feel satisfied with their own charities until they get into the hundreds of thousands and the millions! What "God's acres" for the dead; gardens of beauty and palaces of marble for those who sleep the last sleep! Now stop your slander of American cities.

Do you say they are the centers of crime and political corruption? Please admit the fact that they are the centers of intelligence and generosity and the mightiest patrons of architecture and sculpture and painting and music and reservoirs of religious influence for all the continent. It will be well for the country districts to cease talking against the cities, and it will be well for the city of one locality to stop talking against the cities of other localities. New York will not get the World's fair by depreciating Chicago and Chicago will not get the World's fair by bombarding New York.

Religion Should Not Yield to Money.

Another suggestion concerning the coming exposition; let not the materialistic and monetary idea overpower the moral and religious. During that exposition, the first time in all their lives, there will be thousands of people from other lands who will see a country without a state religion. Let us by an increased harmony among all denominations of religion impress other nationalities as they come here that year, with the superior advantages of having all denominations equal in the sight of the government. All the rulers and chief men of Europe belong to the state religion whatever it may be.

Although our last two Presidents have been Presbyterians, the previous one was an Episcopalian; and the two previous, Methodists; and going further back in that line of Presidents, we find Martin Van Buren a Dutch Reformed; and John Quincy Adams, a Unitarian; and a man's religion in this country is neither hindrance or advantage in the matter of political elevation. All Europe needs that. All the world needs that. A man's religion is something between himself and his God, and it must not, directly or indirectly, be interfered with.

Christian Civilization Against Barbarism.

Furthermore, during that exposition Christian civilization will confront barbarism. We shall as a nation have a greater opportunity to make an evangelizing impression upon foreign nationalities than would otherwise be afforded us in a quarter of a century. Let the churches of the city where the exposition is held be open every day and prayers be offered and sermons preached and doxologies sung. In the less than three years between this and that world's convocation let us get a baptism of the Holy Ghost so that the six months of that world's fair shall be fifty Pentacosts in one, and instead of three thousand converted, as in the former Pentacost, hundreds of thousands will be converted.

You must remember that the Pentacost mentioned in the Bible occurred when there was no printing press, no books, no Christian pamphlets, no religious newspapers, and yet the influence was tremendous. How many nationalities were touched? The account says: "Parthians and Medes and Elamites," that is, people from the eastern countries; "Phrygia and Pamphylia," that is, the western countries; "Cyrene and strangers of Rome, Cretes and Arabians," that is, the western countries; but they were all moved by the mighty spectacle. Instead of the sixteen or eighteen tribes of people reported at that Pentecost, all the chief nations of Europe and Asia, North and South America, will be represented at our world's fair in 1892 and a Pentecost here and then would mean the salvation of the round world. But, you say, we may have at that fair the people of all lands and all the machinery of gospelization, the religious printing presses and the churches, but all that would not make a Pentecost; we must have God. Well, you can have him. Has he not been graciously waiting? and nothing stands in the way but our own unbelief and indolence and sin. May God break down the barriers!

The grandest opportunity for the evangelization of all nations since Jesus Christ died on the cross will be the World's exposition of 1892. God may take us out of the harvest field before that, but let it be known throughout christendom that that year, between May and November, will be the mountain of Christian advantage, the Alpine and Himalayan height of opportunity overstepping all others for salvation. Instead of the slow process of having to send the gospel to other lands by our own American missionaries, who have difficult toil in acquiring the foreign language, and then must contend with foreign prejudices, what a grand thing to have able and influential foreigners converted during their visit in America, and then have them return to their native lands with the glorious tidings. Oh, for an overwhelming work of grace for the year 1892, that work beginning in the autumn 1889.

A Great World's Peace Congress.

Another opportunity, if our public men see it, and it is the duty of pulpit and printing press to help them to see it, will be the calling at that time and place of a great peace congress for all nations. The convention of representatives from the governments of North and South America now at Washington is only a type of what we may have on a new and world wide scale at the international exposition of 1892. By one stroke the gorgon of war might be slain and buried so deep that neither trumpet of human dispute or of archangel's blowing could resurrect it. When the last Napoleon called such a congress of nations, many did not respond, and those that did respond gathered wondering why that wig destroyer of the French republic and the builder of a French monarchy might spring on them.

But what if the most popular government on earth—I mean the United States government—should practically say to all nations: On the American continent in 1892 we will hold a world's fair, and all nations will send to it specimens of their products, their manufactures and their arts, and we invite all the governments of Europe, Asia and Africa to send representatives to a peace convention that shall be held at the same time and place, and that shall establish an international arbitration commission, to whom shall be referred all controversies between nation and nation, their decision to be final, and so all nations would be relieved from the expense of standing armies and navy equipment, war having been made an everlasting impossibility. All the nations of the earth worth consideration would come to it, mighty men of England and Germany and France and Russia and all the other great nationalities, Bismarck, who worships the Lord of Hosts, and Gladstone, who worships the God of Peace, and Boulanger, who worships himself.

The fact is that the nations are sick of drinking out of chalices made out of human skulls and filled with blood. The United States government is the only government in the whole world that could successfully call such a congress. Suppose France should call it, Germany would not come; or Germany should call it, France would not come; or Russia should call it, Turkey would not come; or England call it, Russia would not come; or Spain should call it, nations long jealous of her overshadowing power in Europe would not come. America, in favor with all nationalities, standing out independent and alone, is the spot and 1892 will be the time. May it please the President of the United States, may it please the secretary of state, may it please the Cabinet, may it please the Senate and house of Representatives, may it please the printing presses and the churches and the people who lift up and put down our American rulers!

To them I make this timely and solemn and Christian appeal. Do you not think people die fast enough through this wholesale inoculation of war? Do you not think that we can trust to pneumonias and consumptions and apoplexies and palsies and yellow fevers and Asiatic choleras the work of killing them fast enough? Do you not think that the greedy, wide-open jaws of the grave ought to be satisfied if filled by natural causes with hundreds of thousands of corpses a year? Do you not think we can do something better with men than to dash their life out against easements, or blow them into fragments by torpedoes, or send them out into the world, where they need all their faculties, footless, handless, eyeless? Do you not think that women might be appointed to an easier place than the edge of a grave trench to wring their pale hands and weep out their eyesight in widowhood and childlessness? Why, the last glory has gone out of war.

There was a time when it demanded that quality which we all admire—namely, courage—for a man had to stand at the head of his sword when the point pierced the foe, and while he was slaying another the other might slay him; or it was bayonet charge. But now it is cool and deliberate murder, and clear out at sea a bombshell can be hurled miles away into a city, or while thousands of private soldiers who have no interest in the contest, for they are conscripted, are losing their lives their general may sit smoking one of the best Havana cigars after a dinner of quail on toast. It may be well enough for graduating students of colleges on commencement day to orate about the poetry of war, but do not talk about the poetry of war to the men of the federal or confederate armies who were in the field, or to some of us, who, as members of the Christian commission, saw the ghastly hospitals at Antietam and Hagerstown. Ah! you may worship the Lord of Hosts, I worship the "God of Peace, who brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus Christ, that great Shepherd of the sheep."

War is an accursed monster and it was born in the lowest cavern of perdition, and I pray that it may speedily descend to the place from which it arose, its last sword and shield and musket rattling on the bottom of the red-hot marl of hell. Let there be called a peace convention for 1892, with delegates sent by all the decent governments of Christendom, and while they are in session, if you should some night go out and look into the sky above the exposition buildings, you may find that the old gallery of crystal, that was taken down after the Bethlehem anthem of eighteen centuries ago was sung out, is rebuilt again in the clouds, and the same angelic singers are returned, with the same librettos of light, to chant "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men."

Do Not Import Foreign Vices.

Again, I suggest in regard to the World's fair that, while appropriate places are prepared for all foreign exhibits, we make no room for the importation of foreign vices. America has enough of its own, and we need no new installments of that kind. A world's fair will bring all kinds of people, good and bad. The good we must prepare to welcome, the bad we must prepare to shun. The attempt will again be made in 1892, as in 1876, to break up our American Sabbaths. That attempt was made at the Philadelphia centennial, but was defeated. The American Sabbath is the best kept Sabbath on earth. We do not want it broken down, and substituted in the place thereof the Brussels Sabbath, the Vienna Sabbath, the St. Petersburg Sabbath or any of the foreign Sabbaths, which are no Sabbaths at all. I think the Lord is more than generous in asking only 52 days out of the 365 for his service. You let the Sabbath go and with it will go your Bible, and after that your liberties, and your children or your grandchildren will be here in America under a despotism as bad as in those lands where they turn the Lord's Day into wassail and frolic.

Among those who come there will be, as at other expositions, lordly people, who will bring their vices with them. Among the dukes and duchesses and princes and princesses of other lands are some of the best men and women of all the earth. Remember Earl of Kintore, Lord Cairns and Lord Shaftesbury. But there is a snobbery and flunkeyism in American society that runs after a grandee, a duke, a lord or a prince, though he may be a walking lazaretto and his breath a plague. It makes the fortune of some of our queens of society to dance one cotillion with one of these princely lepers. Some people cannot get their hats off quick enough when they see such a foreign lord approaching, and they do not care for the mire into which they drop their knees as they bow to worship. Let no splendor of pedigree or any pomp and paraphernalia of circumstance make him attractive. There is only one set of Ten Commandments that I ever heard of, and no class of men or women in all the world are excused from obedience to those laws written by finger of lightning on the granite surface of Mount Sinai. Surely we have enough American vices without making any drafts upon European vice for 1892.

Get Ready for the Fair.

By this sermon I would have the nation made aware of its opportunity and get ready to improve it, and of some of the dangers to overcome or combat them. I rejoice to believe that the advantages will overtop everything in that world's fair. What an introduction to each other of communities, of states, of republics, of empires, of zones, of hemispheres! What doors of information will be swung wide open for the boys and girls now in the throng of the national and international education! What crowning of Industry with sheaves of grain, and what imperial robing of her with embroidered fabrics! What scientific apparatus! What telescopes for the infinitude above, and microscopes for the infinitude beneath, and instruments to put nature to the torture until she tells her last secret! What a display of the munificence of the God who has grown enough wheat to make a loaf of good bread large enough for the human race, and enough cotton to stocking every foot, and enough timber to shelter every head—making it manifest that it is not God's fault, but either man's oppression or indolence or dissipation if there be any famishing supply.

Under the arches of the chief building of that exposition let Capital and Labor, too long estranged, at last be married, each taking the hand of each in pledge of eternal fidelity, while representatives of all nations stand round rejoicing at the nuptials, and saying: "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder." Then shall the threnody of the needle woman no longer be heard:

Work, work, work!
Till the brain begins to swim;
Work, work, work!
Till the eyes are heavy and dim.
Seam and gusset and band,
Band and gusset and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream.

Oh, Christian America! Make ready for the grandest exposition even seen under the sun! Have Bibles enough bound. Have churches enough established. Have scientific halls enough endowed. Have printing presses enough set up. Have revivals of religion enough in full blast. I believe you will. "Hosanna to the Son of David! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!"

Through the harsh voices of our day,
A low, sweet psalm finds its way;
Through clouds of doubt and creeds of fear,
A light is breaking, calm and clear.

That song of love, now low and far,
Ere long shall swell from star to star.
That light, the breaking day, which tips
The golden-spired Apocalypse!

The Farm.

"Teetotaller Dick."

Our friends living on farms know the great desire young men have to leave the country and go to the cities; and no doubt many of them can recall sad cases wherein such young men fell under the temptation of drink, and had their lives ruined thereby. We ask all to read the announcement, on the fourth page of this issue, of Col. Knox's new story, "Teetotaller Dick," and aid us in setting before the youth of the land the strongest and most interesting temperance story yet written, by sending us lists of names of persons who might like to read it, to whom we will be glad to send sample copies of THE BLADE with the first chapters of the story. Please do it at once.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Black Leg.

C. E., Canova, South Dakota: The above disease is known by different names, "black leg," "black quarter," "charbon," "black tongue," being the most familiar. It also takes various other forms. The principal characteristic of the disease is a dark blood that will not coagulate, and the part attacked turns of a purple, or nearly black color, from the decomposition of the blood. Recent writers say the contagious principle of black leg, or anthrax, consists in minute vegetable organisms in the blood, in the shape of rods, and have been called bacteria and vacillus anthracis. It is claimed by men who have made special study of the disease that no really satisfactory method of treatment has been discovered. Prof. Williams believes the most promising treatment is chlorate of potash, ½ oz.; water, 1 pint. Mix, and give three times a day. In this, and when the disease is the result of inoculation, the great majority of cases may be cured if seen at an early period before the poison from the pustule has entered the system. The vesicle or pustule is to be opened from one end to the other, and the opening well mopped with a chloride of zinc solution, consisting of 20 grains of zinc to an ounce of water. Great care should be taken not to allow the hands to come in contact with the opened pustule, as man is liable to the disease through inoculation. See work "Contagious Diseases of Animals," issued by the United States department of agriculture, Mr. H. H. Kemp, of Schuyler, Neb., who has bred and reared stock for 45 years, says: "The disease appears among my cattle every spring, but as yet I have not lost a single animal. The remedy (for blackleg) consists of 1 lb. each of saltpetre and common salt, ground and well mixed. One half teaspoonful dry is given at a dose. After this some exercise should be given, lasting for twenty minutes. A second dose is seldom required.

Epizootic Aptha.

G. F. S., McCune, Kan.: The description you state of the disease with which your cow is attacked is not sufficiently full on which to form a correct opinion. From that what you say, we judge that it is a trouble known by the name given above. It is a specific poison either of an animal or vegetable nature, and is highly contagious, febrile disease, rarely fatal. There is at first an increase of temperature, followed by eruptions of small blisters, on the tongue, inside the lips, on the roof of the mouth, and sometimes on the udder. Small blisters at times make their appearance between the claws of the feet, and around the coronets and heels. Lameness, flow of water from the mouth and eyes, difficulty in swallowing are noticeable. When the blisters break, they leave a raw surface, and either begin to heal or form gangrenous ulcers. In mild cases but little treatment is necessary. The food should be slops, and while the mouth and throat are sore, the animal, if it can swallow, should have plenty of water, with an ounce of saltpeter, or chlorate of potash, or powdered borax dissolved in each palitul of water. If there are sores in the clefts of the feet, wash with acetate of lead, ½ oz., carbolic acid, 1 oz.; water, 1 qt. Saturate lint with this, and insert it between the toes. The mouth should be washed with chlorate of potash, 2 oz.; molasses, 8 oz. Put together and place a spoonful between the lips three or four times a day. For the external ulcers, use sulphate of copper, ¼ lb.; soft water, 1 qt. This may be used for bathing the feet or washing the mouth. It should be well washed in between the claws. This disease first appeared in the United States in 1869, and has prevailed more or less since that time in different parts of the country.

Cow Has Been Coughing For Six Weeks.

W. H. P., Bradford, Pennsylvania: If there is no fever in your cow, give this: "Guaiacum, 2 ozs.; sassafras root, 1 oz.; water, 1 qt. Boil to a pint and add half an ounce of licorice stick. When dissolved, strain and give in two doses, night and morning. If there is any fever, give 1 oz. of saltpeter in drinking water twice a day, every other day for a week. Feed bran mashes three times a week if there are signs of constipation. If there are signs of cough after above treatment, mix pine tree tar and molasses, equal parts, and with a paddle put a teaspoonful on the tongue of your cow, well back, once a day until cough ceases. Consumption is often hereditary. It may be that your cow is suffering from this. Tuberculosis is not an uncommon thing in cattle, a trouble allied to phthisis in the human race. When there is a pre-disposition to consumption, exposure to cold and wet, excessive milking, neglected colds, etc., will hasten the development of the disease. It does not only attack the lungs, but the intestines, mesentery and serous membranes and other tissues. To cure the disease, it must be taken in its earlier stages. A cow should not be milked, and should receive careful treatment, both in housing and food. Fattening food is necessary. Give no hay or corn fodder that has the least mould or dust in it. In coughs the lining membranes of the throat are very sensitive, and anything that irritates will prevent a cure.

Colt's Leg Cut on Barbed Wire—Flesh Grew Out, but Gathers and Breaks.

W. R., Uniontown, Kansas: It may be that there was some foreign body left in the wound on your colt's leg, such as dirt. A cut of this kind must be cleaned out thoroughly in order to insure healing. A clean sponge with clean water will remove most loose material; the remainder may be taken out with the fingers. This should be done very gently, and the coaptation of the sides of the cut properly done. The best thing you can now do is to take of citrate of iron and ammonia, 4 drachms; divide into 12 powders. Give one of them twice a day as a tonic on a bran mash; or it may be dissolved in the drinking water. To treat the wound, take of powdered sulphate of zinc, 1 drachm; distilled water, 10 ozs. After poulticing the part with warm linseed meal poultice for a full day (must be kept warm) wash the wound carefully with warm rain water and soap. Then inject the zinc later into the wound. It necessary to reach the bottom of the cut, it may be opened a little. If there is anything in the cut to keep up irritation, it may be necessary to open the entire length of the cut and remove it. This will be the work of a veterinarian. However, follow above instructions and the part will very likely close up all right.

Horse Lame in Hind Legs—Stock Hog Out of Condition.

W. B., North Springfield, O.: The fact your horse shows more or less lameness on first standing, which diminishes on motion, would indicate rheumatism, but there is uncertainty in this on account of other symptoms you name. Have you examined his back lately carefully? Have you tried pressure on the small of the back, to ascertain if there is pain or flinching? If you find the horse sound in this respect, take of nitrate of potash ¾ oz.; powdered colchicum, 1 drachm; oil of turpentine, ¾ oz. Mix with linseed oil, and give at one dose, night and morning. Follow this by putting an ounce of saltpeter in the drinking water once a day for four or five days. The stocking will be overcome by the above, and if rheumatism is present it will be relieved. Change the first of your hog from sweet corn and milk to ground oats, wheat and barley, and take of charcoal and wood ashes two parts and salt one part. Mix and give a tablespoonful once a day in feed for a week. It would be well for you to under rather than over-feed the hog for several days.

Proper Distance to Plant Trees Apart.

Constant Reader, Durango, Colorado: The distance to plant plum trees varies from 12½x12½ to 20x20 feet, according to the kind. The green gage and other small kinds need to be set 12½, while the Lombard and other larger trees will require the greater distance. Apricots and prunes should be 15 feet apart. Cherry trees also vary as to distance. The smaller trees should be 15 feet apart, while such trees as the Oxhdart require 20 feet. The black walnut and Norway chestnut trees should be 20 feet apart.

Grease Heel.

G. B. R., Newtonia, Mo.: A good thing for grease heel is to first give a dose of 16 ozs. of raw linseed oil, and in this take of oxide of zinc, 1 drachm; lard, 1 oz.; powdered gum benzoin, 10 grains; camphorated spirits, 1 drachm. Mix thoroughly and rub on twice a week. Wash the parts with soft water and soap before applying. Dry well and then rub on the above. Do not wash after you begin applying. Keep the animal away from mud and water if treatment, he should be kept in the stable, with gentle exercise each day, if the road is free from dust.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Big Onions.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—T. W. Scott has a new kind of onion called the Prize Taker or Spanish King, which yields double the quantity of the Silver King or the Yellow Danvers, grown in parallel rows alongside of the Prize Takers. Mr. Scott obtained information from THE BLADE last winter about this wonderful onion, and he has not been sorry he took the advice of your correspondent and planted it. D. Scott also planted the Spanish King from a Western seed firm, and his financial condition throughout the west. The year's receipts of cereals fall off a little, but provisions are nearly doubled.

Cleveland finds all branches improving, and factories full of orders. Pittsburg notes higher prices for iron and steel; glass business active, with works all operating, and the coal trade dull, waiting water for the river movements.

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The failures in Canada show a decrease of 9 per cent in number and 40 per cent in liabilities for the past quarter, for the nine months there have been only three less than last year in number, but ten per cent less in liabilities.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Pig in Ireland.

A very interesting statement has just been made as to the production of pigs in Ireland. For one reason or the other it is generally supposed that the pig is one of the chief supports of the Irish peasantry, and there can be no doubt that this is the case. No one who has traveled in that country can for a moment doubt that for large numbers of the cottagers it is the pig who is "the gintlemin that pays the rint," when any is paid at all. Of late there have been fewer pigs kept, for the pressure of the times has made it impossible for the peasants to afford even the purchase of a pig, much less to keep one. Perhaps this reduction has been met by the increased number kept by farmers who find that it is a constant and lucrative source of income. The erection of great curing houses on the American principle at Cork and Limerick has done much to stimulate this trade, and it is hoped that when the land question is settled satisfactorily that much more will be done in this direction. The number of pigs kept in Ireland during the last five years is recorded as follows:

	Leinster.	Ulster.	Connaut.	Munster.	Total.
1884	320,593	335,584	205,413	444,369	1,376,559
1885	306,401	333,747	200,568	426,141	1,266,902
1886	299,079	326,995	197,453	442,895	1,265,422
1887	330,646	347,196	210,395	470,582	1,358,819
1888	338,484	412,841	233,343	448,692	1,397,360

The value of the pigs in Ireland in 1888 was estimated by the registrar-general at nearly twenty millions of dollars, or about one-fifteenth of the gross value of the entire cattle, sheep and pig stock of the whole country. There is unfortunately no record as to the Irish exports other than those of live stock, and we are unable, therefore, to measure these, but during 1888 there were 544,972 fat and store swine sent from Ireland to Britain, and this shows a great increase on previous years. Of course the numbers given as to the pigs in Ireland may appear small as compared with the twenty-five millions in America, or the nine millions in Germany, but it must be remembered that Ireland is a poor country, and that its inhabitants are now only a little more than five millions. It may be hoped that with the settlement of the country, which must now soon come, this trade will be enormously increased. But before that can be done there will be much to learn in the introduction of better breeds and in the rapid marketing and proper packing. In these respects the factories at Cork and Limerick, already referred to, leave nothing to be desired. Nothing can be finer than the best mild-cured Irish bacon, and its fame is worldwide.—*Country Gentleman.*

Pruning the Pear.

Some varieties of pear trees produce more wood than others, and more than is well to leave on. The Seckel is one, the Lawrence another. When this is the case, more fruit will set than the tree can bring to perfection. In times past few advocated the pruning of pear trees, but advised the thinning of the fruit. We followed this course for years, says a writer in an exchange, and did not prune, but lately have adopted the method of pruning, and are well pleased with the result. We have taken from our Seckel pear trees from a quarter to a third of the small branches, and shall thin them out even more. The fruit is very much larger, higher colored and better every way, and quite as much in weight and measure, though not in numbers. We fail to see any objection to such pruning. We seldom cut off a large limb, and when we do we paint over the wound. This work may be done any time in the fall or early winter.—*O. Judd Farmer.*

Undue Haste in Fattening.

Make haste slowly is a good rule to apply generally. Animals that have been summered on grass will not bear, profitably, to be pushed on grain-feed during the fall, as haste in this direction disturbs digestion. Under the action of the laws of nature things are, nearly times, made to afford rest to follow any undue exertion of a given part, or of the whole body. Under this law, the appetite is taken away when over-feeding has been practiced, that compensation, through rest of the digestive organs may occur. Disgust of food always follows over-feeding; yet it is theorizing falsely to say that if the beast gets too much food, it will reduce the amount taken, voluntarily, when surfeited because deranged digestion follows at once upon excessive feeding, and then what follows? Nothing less than an interruption of nutrition, the body shrinking. This shrinkage can only come from disordered action—a disease in itself. This must be recovered from before nutrition can be resumed, and during this time we suffer a double loss, namely, through the shrinkage, in the first place, and through delay from deranged digestion, in the second place.

There is still another reason why damage may follow indiscreet feeding. Fermentation from indigestion may, to a greater extent than we are aware of, damage the meat of the fattening beast. This damage may happen to its keeping qualities as well as to its flavor. Nothing can be more reasonable that that it should happen to both. It is a popular and doubtless a well-founded belief that the flavor of the growing animal's flesh is modified by the food that goes in at the mouth. We owe this to follow the feeding of oil cake to the fattening steer. Certain articles of food, notably milk and butter, are tainted by near approach to certain vegetables, as well as by being in proximity to decaying or noxious substances of any kind.

The absence of tests in this direction may rightfully be termed an oversight, for the perfection of meats has not yet been fully accomplished—is in fact one of the things least discriminated upon, and receives less attention than is given to any other kind of food in use. Therefore, we deduce from the hints given, that the fall-seeding should be commenced with care and moderation; the limit at ways being inside of the possibilities of the digestive powers of the fattening beasts. Dainty rations at first, carefully added to as the powers of digestion are developed by use.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Milk Below the Standard.

A farmer in New Jersey rests in jail rather than pay a fine imposed upon him for selling milk which fell below the legal standard. The farmer claims that the milk came directly from his cow and that nothing has been added to it. If this be true, which is the culprit—the man or the cow? The New Jersey law requires that milk shall contain at least 12 per cent of solids. This looks reasonable enough; it would seem that a cow giving milk with less than 12 per cent of solids is not worth keeping, yet there should be no foolishness or carelessness about the official examination of milk. The proportion of solids in milk from a given cow will vary considerably. A cow at the Wisconsin Station gave but 11¾ per cent of solids in the first pint of milk drawn from her; while the last pint contained 19¾ per cent. Fright, change of feeding, a chill and other conditions may affect the cow so that a sample of her milk would give an entirely untruthful record of her usual performance; so that we see that carelessness in the enforcement of a milk law may do injustice.—*Rural New Yorker.*

News of the Week.

Under this head we aim to give a summary of all important events occurring within the week, in compact yet easily understood form, accompanied by such explanations as may be necessary to a perfect comprehension. We regard this as a feature of the greatest value to all our readers, and especially to the younger members of the family.

TRADE AND CROPS.

STATE OF TRADE.

Review of Business During the Past Seven Days.

R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade, dated New York, Oct. 5, says: A closer money market, as was anticipated last week, has checked operations to some extent. The shipments of $11,000,000 in gold to Europe by a firm engaged in placing two large orders for foreign governments, and therefore anxious to prevent further advance in Bank of England rates, was all the clearer evidence of the actual demand abroad, because made at a small loss if reckoned at the current rate of exchange.

A sudden fall in the rate from 4.88 to 4.86¾ was followed by an upward movement again, and it seems not improbable that the exigencies of the Argentine Republic and the financing of the Russian loan may for some time to come affect the money market here. October disbursements and moderate purchases of bonds have made the market easier for the present, but the rate on call, after rising from 5¾ to 8 per cent—and even to 30 per cent for a short time—is yet about 7 per cent, with no improvement in the commercial loan markets.

The reports of business from all parts of the country show increased activity on the whole, though in some branches trade is not up to the September level. Chicago finds business larger than a year ago, with heavy country orders, showing a large demand and a financial condition throughout the west. The year's receipts of cereals fall off a little, but provisions are nearly doubled.

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THE WHEAT CROP.

**The Amount in First Hands and Reli

WASHINGTON NEWS.

PUBLIC DEBT.

Statement of the Condition of the Public Debt for September.

The following is a recapitulation of the public debt statement, issued on Oct. 2:

Interest Bearing Debt.

Bonds at 4½ per cent	$128,821,860.00
Bonds at 4 per cent	265,355,050.00
Refunding certificates at 4 per cent	118,140.00
Navy pension fund at 3 per cent	14,000,000.00
Pacific railroad bonds at 6 per cent	64,623,512.00
Principal	$862,948,502.00
Interest	9,553,759.81
Total	$872,502,261.81

Debt on which Interest has Ceased Since Maturity.

Principal	$ 1,897,425.26
Interest	132,968.78
Total	$ 2,030,394.04

Debt Bearing No Interest.

Old demand and legal tender notes	346,737,458.50
Certificates of deposit	15,275,000.00
Gold certificates	116,675,439.00
Silver certificates	276,619,715.00
Fractional currency, less $8,379,934, estimated as lost or destroyed	6,915,690.47
Principal	762,223,212.97

Total Debt.

Principal balance	1,627,069,140.23
Interest	9,706,728.59
Total balance	1,636,775,868.82
Less cash items available for reduction of the debt	420,175,909.11
Less reserve held for redemption of U.S. notes	100,000,000.00
Total	$520,175,909.11
Total debt—less available cash items	1,116,599,959.71
Net cash in the treasury	46,544,428.75
Debt less cash in the treasury Oct. 1, 1889	1,070,050,530.96
Debt less cash in the treasury Sept. 1, 1889	1,083,740,625.21
Decrease of debt during the month	$ 13,685,094.25
Decrease of debt since June 30, 1889	6,591,090.49

Cash in Treasury Available for the Reduction of the Public Debt.

Gold held for gold certificates actually outstanding	$116,675,349.00
Silver held for silver certificates actually outstanding	276,619,715.00
U. S. notes held for certificates of deposit actually outstanding	15,275,000.00
Cash held for matured debt and interest unpaid	11,604,153.85
Fractional currency	1,691.26
Total available for reduction of the debt	420,175,909.11

Reserve Fund.

Held for redemption of U. S. notes, acts of June 14, 1875, and July 12, 1882	$ 100,000,000

Unavailable for Reduction of the Debt.

Fractional silver coin	$ 23,864,840.68
Minor coin	233,497.07
Total	$ 24,098,337.75
Certificates held as cash	46,721,855.00
Net cash balance on hand	46,544,428.75

Total cash in treasury as shown by the treasurer's general account $637,540,530.61

Pacific Railroads.

Debt of the Pacific railroads for bonds issued and interest paid by the United States, and condition of the sinking fund, act of May 7, 1878:

Principal outstanding	$64,623,512.00
Interest accrued and not yet paid	969,352.68
Interest paid by the United States	82,486,557.78
Interest Repaid by Companies: By transportation service	22,279,074.37
By net proceeds of 5 per cent net earnings	1,103,619.75
Balance of interest paid by the United States	59,103,863.66

SINKING FUND.

Bonds	$11,141,650.00
Cash	12,286.41
Total	$11,153,936.41

A SWEET PROGRAMME.

Mills Doing a Heap of Talking in Washington.

Hon. Roger Q. Mills, of Texas, is in Washington. In conversation with a newspaper correspondent, Mr. Mills said that although in the minority, the Democrats were fully conscious of their power and would use it.

"We do not propose," said he, "that the Republican majority will pass a single measure without our consent. For instance, you may depend upon it that the rules of the house will not be changed by the Republican majority in any essential feature.

"We do not proposed to permit them to be changed, as is desired by Mr. Reed and others, in any particular feature. Nor will we permit any of the proposed legislation looking to a control by Congress of the elections, for we see very plainly why the purpose of this is. The same can be said of the contest cases that will come up before Congress.

"We do not propose to let the Republican majority to be further increased ad libitum, by throwing out Democratic members, as seems to be the purpose. In other words, we propose to exercise control of the House just as much as though we were still in the majority, because we know our minority is strong enough to make us the virtual rulers."

APPOINTMENTS.

A Number of People Made Happy by the President.

The President made the following appointments on October 8:

CYRUS ANDERSON, of Kansas, to be register of the land office at Oberlin, Kan.; ALFRED LUNDVALL, of Nebraska, to be receiver of public moneys at Neligh, Neb.; CHARLES R. DRAKE, of Arizona, to be receiver of public moneys at Tucson, Arizona; JOHN S. MURPHY, of Dakota, to be agent for the Indians of the Fort Berthold agency in Dakota.

Director of the Mint.

The President appointed Edward O. Leech, of the District of Columbia, director of the mint, on Oct. 7.

Our Boys and Girls.

The Fourth National convention of the Boys and Girls' National Home and Employment association will meet in Washington on October 14, and continue three days. The Trunk Line association of New York, and the Central Traffic association of Chicago, embracing the trunk lines between the East and the West, will carry delegates for full fare coming to Washington and one-third fare for the return trip.

Mr. Hogeland, president of the association, is there, arranging the details for the meeting. The governors of some of the states have given notice of the appointment of delegates to the convention. Valuable reports have been received from police officials in various cities respecting crimes committed by minors. The work of the association is heartily endorsed here.

Boy Knights.

One of the incidents at the White House on October 8, was the presentation to the President of the Boy Knights Templar from Louisville. They wore the full dress uniform of the commandery, plumed chapeau, baldric, sword, etc., and made a very handsome and soldierly appearance as they marched into the east room. They were accompanied by Mr. Justice Harlan, and were formally presented by him in a short address.

Admiral Porter Dying.

Admiral Porter has been dangerously ill at Jamestown, R. I., for two weeks, but his family have tried to conceal the fact which has finally leaked out; yet they are still inclined to keep quiet. His health has been very delicate all summer, and it is without doubt his last illness, the end of which is near at hand.

WHY CANADA WAS LEFT OUT

American Hadn't Time to Twist the British Lion's Tail.

A number of the Canadian government restrictionist organs assert that the United States has displayed hostility to reciprocal trade with the Dominion by neglecting to invite Canada to send delegates to the international congress in Washington.

The true reason, however, why Canadian delegates were not asked, is found in a letter from Senator John Sherman to a gentleman of Ottawa, Ont. The senator says: "I think there is no doubt that the presence of delegates from the dominion of Canada at the proposed conference of American states would be very acceptable and proper, but I do not see how it could be done, except with the consent or appointment of Great Britain.

"Our government could not with due respect to Great Britain hold any political relations with the dominion government, a necessary result of the dependence of Canada upon Great Britain, but which, no doubt, could be waived by the parent government."

THE NEW STATES.

THEIR ELECTIONS.

The Results of the Contest of October 1 Given.

The elections in the four new states on Oct. 1 were for state officers, judges of the courts, members of congress and members of the several legislatures that will choose United States senators. South Dakota voted for two congressmen, and North Dakota, Montana and Washington one congressman each. All voted on the new constitutions, and they were adopted.

In order to make plain the following dispatches, the candidates for governor and members of congress are given.

SOUTH DAKOTA.

	Republican.	Democratic.
Governor	A. C. Millette	P. F. McClure.
Congress	O. S. Gifford / J. A. Pickler	L. Q. Jeffries. / S. M. Booth.

NORTH DAKOTA.

	Republican.	Democratic.
Governor	John Miller	W. N. Roach.
Congress	H. C. Hansbrough	D. W. Maratta.

MONTANA.

	Republican.	Democratic.
Governor	Thomas C. Power	J. K. Toole.
Congress	Thomas H. Carter	M. Maginnis.

WASHINGTON.

	Republican.	Democratic.
Governor	E. P. Ferry	Eugene Semple.
Congress	John L. Wilson	Thos. Griffith.

NORTH DAKOTA.

The Home of the Blizzard Proves to be a Cold Place for Democrats.

Throughout the state the total vote is not so heavy as was expected, probably about 37,000. Many people have moved away from Ramsey, Eddy and Nelson counties, owing to the failure of crops. The legislature is strongly Republican.

The Democrats elected Senators in the First, Second, Third, Twelfth, Sixteenth, Eighteenth, Nineteenth, Twentieth, Twenty-fifth, Twenty-seventh and Twenty-eighth districts. The Republicans get 20, with the Twenty-third district in doubt. Republicans also get 36 members of the assembly. The Democrats get eighteen and there are five districts in doubt. Hansbrough, Republican, is elected to Congress by about 12,000 majority.

It seems that while North Dakota last November gave 7,000 majority for the Republican candidate to Congress the new state will not be able to give a greater majority for the same party this year. In other words the vote in North Dakota is much lighter than anticipated, and the reason assigned is that the weather was so pleasant that many harvest gangs refused to take the time from threshing to attend to their voting.

For governor, John Miller, the Republican candidate, received five thousand more votes than W. N. Roach, the Democratic nominee. All returns yet received indicate that the vote for Congressman drew out at least two thousand more votes, making the majority for H. C. Hansbrough for Congress 7,000 or more.

There has not been any doubt as to the complexion of the legislature, the only point to be settled being the proportion of the parties.

The new judges are: First district, C. F. Templeton, Democrat; Second district, D. E. Morgan, Republican; Third district, W. B. McConnell, Democrat; Fourth district, W. S. Lauder, Republican; Fifth district, Roderick Rose, Democrat; Sixth district, W. H. Wilson, Republican.

Prohibition Vote.

The Fargo, N. D., *Republican* published an estimate of the vote on prohibition in 30 counties, which shows a net majority for prohibition of 1,796. The figures correspond with reports received by J. C. White, secretary of the North Dakota Non-partisan Prohibition Alliance. This, however, is reduced by McIntosh, which gave 150 majority against prohibition. This leaves Steele, Griggs, Rolette, Mercer, Billings and Emmons to be heard from, the aggregate vote of which, it is estimated, will be so evenly divided as to materially to change the result. The other counties in the state are unorganized.

North Dakota's Official Papers Already in the Hands of the President.

Gov. Mellette has had official copies of the constitution of North and South Dakota prepared, with other necessary documents, and they have already been placed in the hands of President Harrison, with the view of being examined, and the fact ascertained whether or not they comply with the provisions of the enabling act, and are not in conflict with the Constitution of the United States.

The canvass of returns of votes upon the constitution must be made by Governor Mellette, Secretary Richardson and Chief Justice Tripp, or any two of the associate justices, 15 days after the election. When this duty is completed, it has been arranged to telegraph the result to President Harrison and October 23, a week later, it is expected to receive the President's proclamation. Each portion of the territory then becomes a state, and the officers elected last Tuesday may then qualify.

The constitution provides that the new government shall rest only upon his qualification, shall convene the legislative assembly at a date not less than fifteen days nor more than 40 days from the date of such proclamation. It will therefore be seen that the legislature cannot be called to meet before November 7. Should all of the foregoing plans be carried out as arranged, and it is probable, the meeting will not be until November 12.

WASHINGTON.

Later Returns Confirm the Grand Republican Victory—The Capital Question.

Returns received from nearly every county in the state indicate the election of the Republican state ticket by 8,000 majority. The Democrats reduce the Republican majority in Seattle slightly. The new legislature will have 75 Republican majority on joint ballot.

The constitution is ratified and prohibition and woman suffrage defeated.

It requires a majority of the vote to select the permanent capital. East of the Cascade mountains North Yakima is ahead and west of the range Olympia leads. Neither will have a majority and another election will be necessary.

SOUTH DAKOTA.

A Republican Governor—The Scramble for the Capital Overshadowed Everything Else.

South Dakota's first state election descended to a degrading scramble for capital location. There has been no fight on anything else. Mallette is elected governor by over 20,000 majority. Pickler and Gifford go to Congress. The Republican majority in the legislature will be at least 60 insuring the election of two Republican United States senators.

The vote was enormous, probably 80,000, and the trade and sale of ballots was based on the capitol site. For the capitol, Pierre, Huron, Watertown, Chamberlain, Sioux Falls and Mitchell were entered. Pierre was victorous.

In South Dakota, prohibition carries by a substantial majority, ranging from 8,000 to 10,000. The state ticket is Republican by at least 20,000. Chairman Hunt, of the Democratic Central committeee, admits 20,000

It is said that the election will be contested so far as the Prohibition question is concerned, upon the ground that a large part of the tickets used were not printed upon white paper in black ink, as required by statute. Most of the tickets used in Brown county were printed upon cream paper in blue ink.

Zack Thundley, chairman of the Democratic State Central committee, on Oct. 5 places the total Democratic vote in the state at 30,000, and claims twenty Democratic members of the legislature. He says the vote is larger than expected.

Secretary Bushnell of the state Prohibition committee, says he has sufficient returns to guarantee the statement that prohibition has a majority of 6,000 in the state, or 3,000 more than expected.

South Dakota's U. S. Senators.

At noon on October 15 the first legislature of South Dakota will assemble at Pierre. The first business will be the election of two United States Senators. The candidates are Judge Gideon C. Moody, of Deadwood; Hon. R. F. Pettigrew, of Sioux Falls; Judge A. J. Edgerton, of Mitchell; and Alonzo Wardell, of Milbank.

There will be 169 votes, of which probably 20 are Democrats, leaving in reality but 149 votes to be relied upon in a Republican caucus, 75 of which will be a majority.

It is currently reported, on good authority, that Judge Moody and Frank Pettigrew will receive, practically, the same support. Information obtained from those in a position to know give Judge Moody 86 and Pettigrew 98 pledges, with a possibility of 12 additional for Moody and 14 for Pettigrew. The remaining 37 or 40 votes will be divided about evenly between Edgerton and Wardell, the latter claiming, however, that he will receive 35. Judge Edgerton's friends claim that he will go into the caucus with 52 votes, but this can't be figured out with the support positively pledged to Moody and Pettigrew from the Black Hills district.

Pierre, S. D., in the Hands of Real Estate Sharks.

The selection of Pierre as the capital of South Dakota bids fair to create a boom which shall outrival that of Oklahoma last spring. Strangers are flocking into the city by thousands, every train being loaded down with prospectors and speculators. Over $500,000 worth of property changed hands to-day. Lots which could have been bought a week before for $100 sold on the 5th for $1,000.

MONTANA.

Democratic Governor and Legislature—Republican Congressman.

The election of Joseph K. Toole, (Dem.) for governor is now conceded by a majority of from 300 to 500.

Carter, (Rep.) for Congress, has 1,000 majority.

The Democrats claim the legislature by seven; the Republicans will not concede as much, but say that in the face of the returns it is Democratic, but claim fraud in Silver Bow and Deer Lodge counties.

The general opinion is that there will be no contest and that the Democrats will have the governor and the legislature, while the Republicans elect the congressman and a large majority of the state ticket.

GENERAL NEWS.

POWDERLY TALKS.

He Says That Jay Gould Failed to Keep Faith With Him.

Concerning his action in the matter of the great Southwestern strike General Master Workman Powderly, of the Knights of Labor, said at St. Louis, on October 2: "It has been stated that my first words on reaching here were: 'What did you do it for?' implying a condemnation of the strike. This is a misstatement. On arriving in the depot I was officially addressed by a man very much the worse for liquor.

"I said, 'Are the men drinking?' and then asked him what he did it for. The remark was personal, not general. I admit one fault—a fault that had been committed by many better and wiser men than myself. I was deceived by Jay Gould. He told me that he would submit the matter to arbitration, and this was my understanding.

"He afterwards took the position that he would only arbitrate with the men then in his employ. Of course I didn't understand this, as the whole object of the conference promised would be to better matters with these on a strike and not with those who were still working for him. I was not able to read his thoughts and therefore was deceived."

In an interview Master Workman Powderly said that he came with a trunk full of papers bearing upon the southwestern strike, and stood ready to answer all charges.

"There is general misapprehension in regard to the southwestern strike. Not all of those engaged in it were Knights of Labor, and nothing like all the Knights of Labor favored it. At that time we had only between 3,000 and 4,000 men employed on the Gould lines and many of these were clerks, accountants and bookkeepers, who had nothing to do with the running of trains.

"It can thus be seen that only a small proportion of the strikers were Knights of Labor, as about 40,000 men were called on either voluntarily or involuntarily by the strike. As to the want of support or action favoring the railroad authorities no charges were made against me at the time and I think that it is a little too late now. I have letters sustaining my position and can produce them. Powderly can not be in every city in the country at one time, but when he speaks he can prove what he says."

"As to the statements that the Knights of Labor have been losing power, and that they have no confidence in the executive officers, there is not a word of truth in it. The order has been growing rapidly within the last year, and the greatest cause of its growth is the feeling that the executive board is acting in a manner conducive to the best interests of the Knights. The meeting last night was very gratifying to me, and proved that my estimate of the feeling has not been an erroneous one."

J. J. Holland, of Jacksonville, Fla., said: "The whole animus of the opposition to Powderly originates in the process of house-cleaning which we were compelled to adopt some time ago. Many unruly and bad elements were eliminated, Detwiler and a number of others being expelled. Since that time they have been making fierce war on the management of the order, but with little success. We are growing all the time. This is especially noticeable in the south.

"Strange as it may seem, the negroes are joining the order in large numbers. In Florida there are thousands of colored Knights, and I learn that the same is true in other southern states. Most of them are agricultural laborers, which shows how greatly the feeling of sympathy between wage workers of all classes is growing.

"There is scarcely a doubt that an alliance of some kind will be made between the Farmers' Alliance, the Wheelers and the Knights of Labor. The former organizations are particularly strong in the Southwest. The Farmers' Alliance practically controls Texas, and every one knows the strength of the Wheelers in Arkansas and Missouri. We have given up striving for new members, and are looking more carefully into the character of the men whom we admit. Each candidate must present himself well endorsed, and a single black ball is sufficient to reject him.

"The constitution provides against strikes being declared until all other means have been exhausted. We do not favor strikes until all other methods have been exhausted. As to the charges of extravagance on the part of Mr. Powderly in regard to the Southwestern strike, that has been declared groundless by authorized assemblies of the order time and again. For these men to try to say anything against his conduct now, is simply absurd."

Shaw's Charges.

"It is the height of impudence for Shaw and his followers to try to bring up the question of expenditures made during the southwestern strike." said O. R. Lake, master workman of District Assembly 17. "The whole question was carefully considered at two conventions, one in Indianapolis and the other in Minneapolis. All parties were given an opportunity to say what they thought, and Shaw was a delegate to the Minneapolis convention.

"All this knowledge which he now pretends to have, he carefully kept to himself when he had an opportunity to speak. The whole subject was most carefully considered and submitted to an exceedingly searching investigation, and at both conventions the course of Powderly and the general executive board was completely indorsed. For a few expelled and discontented members of the order to try to haul up this matter now is ridiculous."

THEY MUST RUN.

A Judge Who Decides That Operations on Unprofitable Lines Cannot be Suspended.

Judge Love rendered, in the U. S. courts at Council Bluffs, on Oct. 2, an important decision regarding the rights of railroads and corporations in suspending any unprofitable part of their business. The decision was rendered in the case of the U. S. Trust company vs. the Wabash railroad, wherein the former applied to the court for an order on the Wabash receiver.

Operations were suspended on that part of the road known as the Clarinda branch, extending from Rosebury, Mo., to Clarinda, Iowa, on the ground that the receipts were not sufficient to pay expenses. The ground on which the order was refused was that the company had pledged the property owners transportation and carriage. The court holds that the company has no right to deprive the grantors the transportation pledged, and referred the matter for further consideration to the board of railway commissioners.

The Rush Seizures Will Hold—Important Decision.

Judge Sawyer, of San Francisco, has rendered a decision which covers the cases of all sealers seized in Behring Sea. In 1887 the sealing schooner San Diego, owned by E. N. Handy, was seized by the cutter Rush and ordered to Sitka. She went, and nearly 600 skins were condemned, brought here by Marshal Atkins and sold.

Handy tried to enjoin the sale on the ground that Alaskan court orders did not hold in San Francisco, but Judge Sawyer overruled this.

The same principle involved in this decision holds in the cases of the two sealers that came here instead of going to Sitka. It is also claimed that it applies to all seizures by the Rush this year, as orders will hold good, no matter where the seized vessels have taken refuge.

M'BRIDE AND THE MINERS.

An Open Letter to Governor Fifer, of Illinois.

Hon. John McBride, president of the Progressive Union of Miners and Mine Laborers, of Columbus, Ohio, has addressed an open letter to Governor Joseph W. Fifer, of Illinois, in response to one written by Hon. W. L. Scott, in which the latter gentleman endeavored to sustain the position he has assumed regarding the present mining situation in Illinois. The following is an abstract of the letter:

"It is generally understood that when the operators of northern Illinois offered a 10 cent reduction, Mr. Scott made no proposition to his miners, but left them in doubt as to the terms he desired and intended to offer. When the joint meeting, brought about through the agency of the committee appointed by you (Gov. Fifer), succeeded in gaining a concession of 2½ cents, making a reduction in mining rates of 7½ cents per ton, Mr. Scott proposed 75 cents for mining at Spring Valley, 30 inches of brushing, three men in a room, with an additional condition, that in the future he would refuse to deal with his miners through their committee or an organized body. Being willing to accept equitable conditions and prices, and to effect an honorable settlement of the present strike the following is offered:

"First, to work the second or thick coal vein at Spring Valley for the price paid at Streator mines, namely 73½ cents per ton; this, too, in the face of the fact that the mine is yet in the crop coal, is full of faults, and up to this time has cost the company, by their own admission, over $2 per ton for mining it.

"Second, believing that Mr. Scott will admit the fact that more labor is required to mine a ton of coal in the thin vein at Spring Valley than in the thick coal at Streator, we will agree to mine his thin coal for the price paid the thick coal miners at Streator, provided the company will do the brushing and building; or,

"Third, we will agree to the adjustment of price and conditions such as may be determined by arbitration or by an agreement to jointly investigate and be governed by facts developed by such investigation."

ABIDE IN THE FAITH.

Mormon Conference in Session in Salt Lake City.

The sixtieth general semi-annual conference of the Mormon church commenced at Salt Lake City on October 5. Wilfred Woodruff, the president of the church, presided, and George Q. Cannon, of the first presidency, was present. There was also present five of the twelve apostles of the church and a great number of other high church officials.

President Woodruff, in his opening address said the Mormon church had been established by God, and that no power on earth could stay its progress. All the revelations given to the saints, including the one of polygamy, came direct from God, and notwithstanding the trials and troubles through which the Mormons had passed the Lord would sustain all those who obeyed his principles and his revelations.

Apostle John W. Taylor commended the people to give obedience to the priesthood. "Those who are at the head of the church," he said, "have the spirit of revelation, and speak for God. I bear my testimony that President Woodruff and his counselors are prophets, seers and revelators. The hand of God is over this church, and no power can destroy it or impede its progress."

"I believe in implicit obedience in temporal and spiritual things. We can not retain the spirit of God and yet be constantly finding fault with the priesthood. We must learn not to judge men by what we see, nor on the basis of the limited opportunity we have of knowing what they are doing for the people. We should not criticise the church authorities."

Elder Jacob Gates, ex-Elder Henry, Apostle Grant and Elder Abrams spoke in a similar vein. The church authorities are embracing every opportunity to keep the people thoroughly, politically, for they fear that with the loss of political power ecclesiastical supremacy would be greatly weakened.

DOING GOOD WORK.

People Have a Very Vague Idea of What They Eat.

The report of dairy commissioner Ives, of Minnesota, was filed on Oct. 3. It is comprehensive and shows that the law passed last winter compelling the examination and analysis of food products has been faithfully carried out by state chemists Eberman of St. Paul and Drew of Minneapolis. Under the law the commissioner is given authority to examine lard, milk, cheese, cream, butter, vinegar, wines, liquors, baking powder, cream of tartar, and food product that contains cotton seed oil or terra alba.

Dr. Drew's report shows that 249 articles were analyzed by him since August 1, last. Ten out of eleven samples of milk were found deficient. Twenty-five samples of baking powder were analyzed. Four were found to be cream of tartar baking powders, two were phosphate baking powders and nineteen were alum powders. Out of 55 samples sold as cider vinegar, thirteen were spurious cider vinegars and 31 were colored low wine vinegars. Nineteen samples of malt vinegar were below the legal limit of acidity.

Thirty-seven out of 68 samples of lard examined, were adulterated with cotton seed oil. Six out of ten samples of olive oil consisted of cotton seed oil. Of 25 samples of cream of tartar two only were satisfactory, the remainder being made up of mixtures of tartaric acid, calcium phosphate, starch, terra alba and in some instances alum.

The report of associate chemist Eberman, shows substantially the same results.

CANNIBAL INDIANS.

A Discovery in the Wilds of the Province of Ottawa.

A gentleman just returned to Ottawa from an exploring expedition in the wilds of Northwestern Ontario, said that he had discovered during his travels a tribe of Indians who have practiced cannibalism up to within a few years ago, when the country was first visited by French missionaries.

In the vicinity of Abbitibbee lake he was shown an Indian child whose grandmother had killed and eaten seven of her young children, the child's father being the only one to escape. He made his mother's terrible deed known to the chief of the tribe who sent his men to arrest her.

On entering the wigwam they found the head of the last child boiling in a pot over the fire.

She was ordered to be shot, lots having been drawn to see who the executioner should be. The unlucky straw fell to an old Indian who successfully removed the unnatural mother from doing further harm. On the Ouinsee lake several years ago, he found that a full-blooded warrior had killed and eaten four of his sons, but was afterward shot and killed by his fifth son.

NAGLE'S CASE.

The Grand Jury Indicts Him for Deliberate Murder.

The grand jury of San Joaquin county has presented its final report concerning the case of Deputy United States Marshal Nagle. The report says the facts show that the killing of the late Judge Terry was intentional and deliberate, and that while the constitution and laws of the state require that a crime against its laws should be tried thereunder, the accused was taked from the power of the state by a process emanating from the U. S. Circuit court. The report continues: "The U. S. Circuit court has decided that Nagle cannot be tried by a state court, because of a lack of jurisdiction from which it is fair to conclude he cannot be tried in any court."

Gone Into the Trust.

The Baltimore *American* announces that the Maryland White Lead Company has been absorbed by the National Lead Trust, and that the stock of the company was turned over to the trust on Oct. 3, in New York. The works are to be kept in active operation, and Mr. John Curlett has been requested by the trust's representatives to continue in control of the Baltimore corrodors and go on with the work now on hand, as though no change of control had taken place. The Maryland White Lead company is one of the last lead companies in the United States to be absorbed by the trust, and it is probable that the National Lead trust now controls at least 98 per cent of the corrodors in the country.

Cox's Successor.

Gov. Hill, of New York, has issued a proclamation calling a special election in the Ninth congressional district to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Hon. S. S. Cox. It will be held on the day of the general election.

WEATHER AND CROPS.

The Last Weekly Bulletin to be Issued this Season.

The following was issued from the signal office, war department on October 7: The week ending October 5 has been unusually cold in all districts east of the Mississippi and in the southwest, the daily temperature generally ranging from eight to ten degrees below the average for the week. It was warmer than usual in the upper Missouri valley and on the Pacific coast, the daily excess ranging from four to eight degrees. The temperature for the season from January 1 to October 5, was slightly below the average of previous years. In the southern states, and in the Ohio and central Mississippi valleys and in the northern portions of New York, New Hampshire and Vermont. In all other sections the season was slightly warmer, but the daily excess in temperature for the entire period amounts to less than one degree, except in eastern New York, eastern Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Dakota and portions of Minnesota and Nebraska and along the Pacific coast from San Diego to Portland, where the daily excess ranged from two degrees to three degrees. The greatest excess in temperature for the season is reported from northern Minnesota and northern Dakota, while the greatest deficiency is reported from southern portions of Georgia and South Carolina, where the daily temperature averaged about two degrees below the normal.

The deficiency in rainfall during the week is general throughout the whole country, the only sections reporting an excess are stations on lake Ontario, Eastport, Cincinnati, Portland, Ore., Corpus Christi and San Antonio. No rain occurred in the southern portions of the south Atlantic and east gulf states and from Nebraska northward over Dakota, and generally throughout the Rocky mountain and plateau regions and California. Light showers occurred generally throughout the central valleys, the lake region and along the Atlantic coast, but the total rainfall over these sections generally amounted to less than one-fourth of an inch.

The rainfall for the season was excessive along the Atlantic coast from New York to Florida, Virginia and Maryland, receiving about one-half more rain than usual. The seasonal rainfall was also in excess from Texas northward to the Missouri valley, southern Texas receiving about 30 per cent more than the average amount of rain.

In the Mississippi valley as far north as Wisconsin and southern Iowa, the seasonal rainfall exceeded 80 per cent of the normal. This condition applies generally to the upper lake region and Indiana, but there is a narrow strip of country extending from Eastern Kentucky northward to Eastern Michigan where the seasonal rainfall was less than 70 per cent of the normal, and in Eastern Michigan it was less than 60 per cent. The seasonal rainfall in Minnesota and Northern Dakota was about seven inches less than the average or the crops in this section received during the season, only from ten to fourteen inches of rain.

In Oregon and Washington territory less than 60 per cent of the normal rainfall has occurred, or the crops in these states have received from twelve to eighteen inches of rain since the first of January.

Over the greater portions of California the rainfall has generally exceeded 70 per cent and along the coast of San Francisco southward to San Diego over 80 per cent of the normal rainfall is reported.

The weather during the week in the corn and winter wheat regions of the central valleys was generally favorable for farm work and the securing of fall crops.

Winter wheat is reported in good condition except in Michigan where more rain is needed. The drought in this state has materially reduced the yield of corn and potatos, and the greater portion of the tobacco crop is housed in Kentucky and Tennessee without material damage from slight frosts. Wheat seeding is progressing in these states attended by favorable weather and excellent prospects.

In the cotton region the weather was favorable for cotton picking, which is nearing completion. The crop is reported as good and coming in rapidly in North Carolina, where the other crops are in fine condition.

Rain is badly needed in Louisiana to improve the condition of the cane and other crops.

Rains during the early part of the week in Oregon were favorable to grass, plowing and seeding.

JOHN BROWN'S JURORS.

Only One Man Left—Righston the Last.

John C. McClure, aged 85, died at his home, near Summit Point, W. Va., on October 8, after a long illness. By the death of Mr. McClure there is but one juror in the celebrated John Brown insurrection case left living, the survivor being Mr. Righston, of Shepherdstown, the same county. Of the eleven jurors now passed away, only one came to a sudden or violent end, the exception being Walter Shirley, who was thrown from a horse a few years ago and killed.

Civil Service Reform.

The National Civil Service Reform League met at Philadelphia on Oct. 2. President George William Curtis announced that the first business of the meeting was the election of a president. Mr. Curtis was elected without opposition.

Mr. Curtis thanked the league for the renewed expression of its confidence, and remarked that it was interesting to know that the rule of a single term did not apply to all presidencies. He was glad to get this sign of happy harmony that had always distinguished the deliberations of the league.

The report of the treasurer showed receipts during the year of $976.08, and disbursements of $716.62, leaving a balance in the treasury of $259.46.

Ex-Governor Martin Dead.

Ex-Gov. Martin, of Kansas, died at Atchison, Kan., on October 2. Death followed a long illness of a mysterious nature, which the physicians were unable to diagnose. The deceased leaves a widow and four children, and an estate valued at $100,000.

[John A Martin was born in 1839 at Brownsville, Pa., and imigrated to Kansas in 1857, locating at Atchison, purchasing the paper which, since the war, he has edited under the title of the Atchison *Champion*. He served during the entire war. He was one of the most well known and popular Republicans in the state, and held many positions of honor and trust, being twice elected governor. The funeral occurred Friday in Atchison.]

Judge Pendleton Decides the Standard Oil Injunction Case.

At Findlay, O., on October 2, Judge Pendleton gave his decision in the case of the Standard Oil company against the Toledo, Findlay & Springfield railroad, which has caused national comment during the last two weeks. The decision dissolves the injunction, and finds that the Standard Oil company has no cause for action.

He held as untenable the Standard claim that an oil and gas lease carried with it absolute control of the premises except for agricultural purposes. The Standard Oil company gave notice of appeal to the circuit court.

Smallpox in New Mexico.

El Paso, Texas, is considerably exercised over reports to the effect that smallpox is raging at Socorro, N. M., 200 miles from that city. These reports have been confirmed by passengers through Socorro. They say that up to midnight on Oct. 3, 87 cases were reported. The board of health of El Paso held a meeting at once and decided to quarantine Socorro. Compulsory vaccination has been ordered in the public schools.

Favorable Reports.

Word was received at Brainard, Minn., on Oct. 7, from the Indian commissioners at Mill Lacs reservation that those Indians have at last given in, and signed the treaty which will open some of the richest lands in the country to settlement. The result of the commission's labors adds about 4,000,000 acres to the domain, additional to that secured by the Sioux commission.

To Form a Trust.

An attempt is being made to form a barb-wire trust. The latest of a series of secret meetings supposedly to that end was held at Chicago on October 8. It is said that the rise in pig iron and the expiration of patents have demoralized the trade. G. S. Dougiass of New York and J. W. Gates of St. Louis are credited with conducting the negotiations.

Ex-President Hayes.

Ex-President Hayes arrived at Brattleboro, Vt., on October 7, and immediately proceeded to the home of the Bigelows at West Brattleboro. Mrs. Bigelow is a cousin of Mrs. Hayes, and the place is known as the old Hayes mansion, having been occupied by the grandparents of the ex-President. His last visit there was during his term of office.

MILLIONS IN IT.

A Suit Involving the Chilian Government.

A suit involving a contract with the government of Chili, calling for £3,542,000, or $18,000,000, was filed at Louisville, Ky., on Oct. 8. Henry C. Comegys and J. and S. Lewis of New York, and George F. Wyman of Kansas, are the plaintiffs, and the North and South American construction company, George S. Field, Charles McDonald and Julio Bernstein of Chili, are made the defendants.

Fraud is charged against the defendants. The construction company is a corporation under the laws of this state, and commenced business June 1, 1888. The capital stock was $1,000,000, and it was afterward increased to $2,000,000, or 20,000 shares at $100 each. The contract with the Chilian government mentioned above was made on October 17 last, and the railroad lines to be built under its provisions were to exceed an aggregate distance of 800 miles.

The work progressed satisfactorily to the Chilian government until the summer of 1889, when Field went to Chili. Then, without any authority, it is said, he discharged Jared S. Lewis from his position of manager and superintendent of the defendant construction company in Chili, in spite of the fact that he had been duly appointed by the board of directors and fully invested with all power to act for the company in that country.

They further charge that Field, to make money for himself, fraudulently, illegally, and without the consent or authority of the stockholders of the company, or the legally expressed consent of the company, entered into a contract with Julio Bernstein, a resident of Calil, by which, for the nominal consideration of $17,500, the company undertook to sell and transfer its obligations to Bernstein. The plaintiff asks that action taken here to ratify the contract with Bernstein be declared void.

A BAD BLUNDER.

Michigan's New Liquor Law Full of Errors.

The error found in the new high license law of Michigan on Thursday was nothing to the blunders that have been discovered since. All the newly found errors are in section 1, the most vital section of the bill, because it prescribes the amount the saloon keepers and wholesalers shall pay in liquor taxes.

Section 1, of the act in the form in which it was signed by the governor, and is now a law, differs radically from the bill as passed by the legislature. The act as signed and printed fixes the wholesale tax on spirituous liquors at $500, instead of $600, as recommended by the conference committee and agreed to.

The license for selling both spirituous and malt liquors at wholesale and retail appears at $1,000, instead of $1,100, as passed.

The Senate adopted a provision allowing wholesalers of spirituous liquors to wholesale malt liquors also without additional license. The conference committee struck this out, still it is retained in the law.

Owing to this blunder dealers can wholesale spirituous and malt liquors on payment of only $500 license, while the act as passed by the legislature required $600 for spirituous and $500 for malt liquors, or $1,100 in all.

It is claimed that the mistakes were made innocently by the clerk who attempted to put the act into coherent shape for the engrossing clerk, but the liquor men are confident that it will enable them to riddle the law in court.

The clause increasing the retail tax from $300 to $500 was in the mutilated section, and it is believed that the saloons can force the state to go back to the old $300 tax law or else knock out the tax feature entirely.

IOWA LAW IS GOOD.

The State Supreme Court Holds that Prohibition is Regular.

The constitutionality of the Iowa prohibitory liquor law has been reaffirmed by the Supreme court, in an action in replevin involving the right to the possession of a large quantity of beer, all in sealed vessels, bearing United States internal revenue stamps over the plugs.

The goods were shipped to a resident of Keokuk, an agent of the plaintiff, and were offered for sale in unbroken packages. The lower court found, as a fact, that the beer was kept for sale for the purpose of being sold in violation of the laws of Iowa, but that the laws are unconstitutional and void as applied to the facts of this case. The Supreme court holds that the law is constitutional.

"It is true," says Judge Rothertck, "they claim that in this case there is the exception that the plaintiff and appellees are citizens and residents of Illinois, and produce and manufacture beer in that state and sell it as manufacturers; but no claim is made in the argument, and we discover no reason why the laws of this state, which forbid the sale of intoxicating liquors, are not applicable to all persons, no matter where they abide."

PROHIBITION.

The Vote on the Amendment in Connecticut.

Returns on the 8th from Connecticut towns that cast more than two-thirds of the state vote last year show that the vote on the prohibitory amendment is about three to one against it. These towns alone give an aggregate majority of 20,000 against the amendment. Only ten towns so far reported give it a majority. In the principal cities the vote was: Hartford 6,010 yes, 1,226